

THE ATHENÆUM

WEEKLY REVIEW

Of English and Foreign Literature, Fine Arts, and Works of Embellishment.

No. 115. New Edition.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1830.

PRICE 8d.

SATAN.

Satan: a Poem. By Robert Montgomery. Post 8vo. London, 1830. Maunders.

THE original idea of Satan may, we think, be reduced to a mere negation. Among men we see abundance of evil combined with intellectual and even moral power. But if the utmost wickedness were to be united during an interminable period with an intellectual and moral nature, it would necessarily corrupt, and at last kill the whole being. The wages of sin is death. If, therefore, it be an object to exhibit an impressive mythological figure, realizing the opposite of all good, and endowed with tremendous power, we must reconcile ourselves to bring together inconsistencies, greatly to exaggerate the share of bad-will and the share of spiritual capacity ever found in conjunction among men, to impersonate them in one mighty and extraordinary individual, and to connect them with all the accessories which will give splendour and apparent truth to such a conception. This was done by Milton. Some great German critics deny him the degree of merit commonly assigned to him in England, and say that the Devil is either only an image used in the New Testament, because familiar to the Jews; or a personage of popular tradition, who loses all that should characterize him, if divested of his horns and tail; and that the attempt to make him the representative of a philosophic idea, and to clothe him in the loftiest poetical attributes, is necessarily an error and a failure. Into this quarrel we cannot now enter: we think that these commentators are wrong; that Milton was right; and that his Satan is the noblest mythological personage ever created by poetry, next excepting the Prometheus of Æschylus. But the Satan of Mr. Robert Montgomery is a very different affair: it is a mere abstraction without shape or character, or the pretence of individual feeling: it is utterly false to both the popular and the Miltonic conceptions of the Devil as a moral agent; and it is still more false to the idea of him as an intellectual being. Mr. Montgomery represents Lucifer as not at all a knave, and very much a fool. We have heard that he is not so black as he is painted; but the present author makes him blacker than he has ever before been delineated,—for he clothes him in a neat suit of clerical sable, and sets him to preach at the vices and follies of the world, as if he were a minister of the Gospel. Here and there, indeed, we find one line among fifty, in which, after declaiming against the evil done beneath the sun as virulently and as stupidly as if the author had been speaking in his own person, the Devil breaks off, and tells us that after all he is very glad to see mankind so sinful, as they bring more grist to his mill. The plan of the book is a long monologue by the King of Hell, who appears to have just ascended and begun to survey his “snug little farm of the earth.” We assert, seriously, that at least nine-tenths of the poem are exactly what they would have been if the Archangel Michael, or the author himself, had been preaching; and that the torrent of abuse against every thing naughty here flowing from the lips of the Devil cannot possibly be equalled, unless some Millenarian teacher should happen

to convert a fishwoman of the ward of Billingsgate. As to the execution of Mr. Montgomery’s ingenious design, nothing could be more heavy, more monotonous, more affected, more despicable. It is our deliberate opinion that half the young men at either Oxford or Cambridge, if they were compelled, as a task, to write a poem on the same topics as those treated of in “Satan,” would produce a more creditable work than that before us—would show more capacity of thought, more natural perception, more vivacity of fancy, and would not be guilty of a tithe of Mr. Montgomery’s absurd English. This volume is, in fact, the utmost trial of the taste of that numerous class of persons who bought and believed in the “Omnipresence of the Deity.” It contains nearly four hundred pages, and from them all, five could not be selected of tolerably animated and significant writing. In truth, but for the advertisements which announce a ninth edition of a book by the same author, we should never have thought of giving space for three lines of criticism on so wretched a production. The quackery, we trust, is now at an end; an instance so gross can never again be so successful; and as we have mentioned this poem, we shall now do what little is in our power to convince our readers of the truth. For this purpose, little more will be necessary than to print a list of some of the words which we have remarked in looking through the volume that now lies open on our desk. Milton and Shakspeare, we believe, found none of these expressions necessary for communicating their thoughts. But it seems that Mr. Montgomery’s thoughts are of a different kind from theirs, and require another vocabulary.†

| | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| kingliness | sceneal |
| aurate | delightsome |
| silvery | sateless |
| unparagoned | emring |
| unvisioned | kindless |
| resourceless | music-waken (particip.) |
| gloomed | complexioned |
| meadowy | out-millions |
| hillow (verb) | exhaustless |
| gaysome | regnant |
| brooklet | girlhood |
| defyingly | disattered |
| fictious | earthless |
| voice (verb) | dimless |
| hilarious | antheming |
| elevate (adjective) | clayless |
| scar (substantive) | feverous |
| demonized | opposless |
| dareful | visarch |
| helms (verb) | monarchic |
| oriently | sightless (for unseen) |
| dreadence | tyranness |
| templed | unburst |
| interminated | |

There are a few of these words for which, perhaps, some authority may be found; but nine-tenths of them cannot possibly exist in any

† In our list of Mr. Montgomery’s solecisms, (in the first edition,) there are some misprints which tend to redeem his credit. We have, unhappily, mislaid our original list; and to read through the book again would be a penalty worse than any imagined by Dante, who resembles Mr. Montgomery in having written a poem on a religious subject, though the likeness is not very striking in any other particular. Poor Dante, to be sure, was a blinded Papist. But to our task:—“unparagoned” is a misprint for *unparagoned*; “micing,” a good Miltonic word, is also a creation of the Printer’s devil; and instead of “music-wakened,” as given in our list, which is only an awkward compound, Mr. Montgomery uses “music-waken,” as if it could be a participle.

respectable author, for they are essentially vicious, and prove disgraceful ignorance and incapacity for correct thinking in “the fool that uses them.” In the same way we could easily produce long lists of lines deficient in metre; and the boldest specimens of bad grammar swarm on every page. We shall only select, however, some half dozen examples of stolidity, such as could scarcely have been expected in a “popular author.” Mr. Montgomery mentions (p. 28)

Hoary Smyrna, of Meonic fame,
All beautiful in ruins, where the fruits
And flowers yet flourish o’er deserted air.

A flower flourishing! But we quote the lines to show how much statistical knowledge the writer attributes to him who goes to and fro over the earth. Our Levant merchants will not, we fear, have good taste enough to be pleased at hearing that Smyrna is beautiful in ruins. But we suppose the Devil must know best. In page 30 we read of

The Libyan wild,
Where hot suffusion sufficates the winds.

Does this mean anything? A dozen pages further on we learn that the wall of China

Meanders, river-like, o’er many a hill
And mountain.

In this respect China certainly “flogs Europe.” With us, at least, the rivers seldom meander over hills and mountains. We are told again, of

Adamantine domes
That threaten an eternity.

Really, Mr. Montgomery and the mantua-makers deplorably misuse our native language.

Will any kind correspondent furnish us with a commentary and notes on the phrase (p. 62)

Kingdoms are the agonies of thrones—

Or on this sublimity (p. 74),

That Tarpeian rock
Where vengeance was eternity.†

Can a man be said to know what he is doing when he writes about “frothy incense” (p. 88); and who, a page or two before, has talked of the Adriatic sea? We must, however, skip over a considerable portion of the book, or our task would be overpowering. We, therefore, turn to a page in which Cæsar is represented as having breathed a Roman spirit over the wilds of Britain; which reduces the breathing a Roman spirit over a country to a shorter operation than has hitherto been imagined. In the next page, we learn that

Power and Greatness are the awful twins
Of Destiny.

What is the difference between them, which presented itself to the mind of Mr. Montgomery when he wrote this rigmorale? We have no wish to do injustice to the writer; and if there be any passage of his work, not exceeding three of his pages, which he thinks would refute our opinion of his abilities, we will publish it in our next number. In the mean time, as Milton has given us a portrait of the Devil, we think it but fair to publish the Devil’s portrait of Milton, as furnished in this volume. It shows that Satan forgives an injury with more innocent simplicity and hearty stupid good-nature, than we could previously have supposed:—

The last who lived on earth, but thought in heaven,
Beyond compare, the brightest who have scaled
The empyrean height, who now the ears

Of seraphim with song celestial charms;
The sightless bard who, with undying light,
Doth glorify his land,—how deep he plunged
Into the infinite sublime of thought,
Flaming with visions of infernal glare!
How high amid the alienated host
Of warring angels, he could dare ascend,
Look on the lightnings of Almighty wrath,
Array the thunders, and reveal the God! p. 248.

Is not this exactly what Mr. Montgomery himself would have written about Milton, supposing Satan to have been out of the way? The passage, though utterly devoid of merit, is less monstrously absurd than most of the book. Mr. Montgomery somewhere speaks of being "spirituously fired"; and one would really suppose that he must have been fired by "rum" rather than "religion," before he could have written such a couplet as this:—

Progression will be lame, and nature slow
In her advancement to Millennial bloom. p. 168.
—and a hundred other passages quite as laughable.

We do not know that we could extract any portion of the volume which would do less injury to Mr. Montgomery, in the estimation of men of sense, than the following lines, in which Satan grows sentimental while he looks at England; whether the tower at Lincoln is in the foreground we are not informed:—

Region of wonders! who thy scenes can trace?
Or, on thy many-featured visage mark
The motion of thy Spirit, in her rush
Sublime, of impulse, and creative power?—
There is an ocean, darken'd by thy wings
Of vessels, leaping like the waves they front,
While thundering to and fro their country's wrath,
And sending up loud incense to the skies!
And there, a river, like a liquid sweep
Of light, where Commerce, welcomed by the gale,
Sails onward in the sun; but here, a scene
Of battle, with a death-sound in its roar:
Banners are playing, rich as unroll'd clouds
Hung loose upon mid-air; the gleam of arms
Incessant, flashes through the misty fray,
Fierce as the lightnings when they flutter wild:
While mute and sad, a city waits afar,
With Doubt and Anguish in her desert streets,
Who catch the war-notes from the travell'd wind,
And roll their meaning through her mighty heart!
In dream-like contrast, 'mid the hush of noon,
How meekly yon romantic village lies,
Beneath a canopy of cloudless blue!
Her elm-trees twinkling as they wave, her meads
Made golden for the harvest, and her spire
In peaceful beauty pointing to the heavens. p. 65-6.

The third book contains the observations of the Devil on the state of England. From it we extract a passage which we are sure that Mr. Montgomery would be glad to see as widely blown as possible, inasmuch as it forms a part of what we may call the peroration of his poem. It relates to the ambitious:—

A proof is here! a chamber long and large,
Of kindly air, and with o'ertranching lights,
From the high ceiling pouring down a noon
Of lustre, that doth goldenly bedeck
The coitiness around. Amid it, group'd
For converse, shine a host of either sex;
And who are they?—the race Ambition bred,
And madden'd, till they won her wizard wreath.
Oh! what a demon fire, what parching heat
Through blood and spirit, is the lust of fame;
No tiger passion tearing at the soul
So dreadful, as the ever-growing wish
For reputation! How it burns the heart
Away, and blisters up the health of life!
Yet, such have many in this chamber'd host
Endured; but now, as high and dominant
As potentates and intellectual lords,
They reign upon their thrones of mind, and live
The worship'd of the land. But are they blest
With such a maddening fulness of delight,
As once the far-off shadow of Remorse
Did promise, wooing them to his fond arms?—
O thou that hunger'st for bewildering fame,
Come here, and prove what rottenness of heart—
What ferrous envy—what corrosive sense
Of emulation, in these glorious dwell—
What under-currents in this scene of joy!
Smiles on the surface, but a coward tide
Of jealousy beneath. Hark! to the gibe,
O Hate, the tart dissent, the damning sneer,
To such a littleness the mighty fall!
Behold it, Ignorance! redeem thy blush,
And take a happier name. But what a feast
Of Vengeance doth my gloomy nature hail
In this false scene, where they who write so fine,
And think so free,—whose spirits are abroad
In this great world, on such grand tones of thought,

Beneath the shadow of almighty wings.
The simple think they mused sublime,—betray
The more than weakness of unworthy man,
When Nature's venom quickens at the heart,
Or full reality the feeling tries.

And thou, just gilded with a public smile,
Thy mind is dancing on a sea of thoughts
That billow onward with delicious joy:
For now, the hackney'd wonder of the night
Thou art, and by the music of fair tongues
Enchanted; flatterers feed thee ears with praise,
And clog it into deafness.—Hear'st thou not,
How Envy whispers of thy bloom of fame,
Till Meanness in her robe arrayeth thee?
Thou fool of Flattery! this the glorious doom
Ambition sought! Is Greatness only great,
When flatter'd, known, and seen? Canst thou so bend,
And be so derogate? Canst thou, whose eye
Can read the stars, and commune with the clouds,—
Who feel'st the fibres of Creation's heart
Harmonious trembling to thine own,—descend,
To lose thy loftiness in this dull scene?
Back to thy haunts! the ocean and the winds
Attend thee; Nature is thy temple; kneel,
And worship in her mighty solitude.
Look up! and learn a lesson of the sun,
That bright almighty moving sphere the heavens!
Lonely and lofty, in his sphere sublime,
But acting ever—such is noble fame!

Some gracious, grand, and most accomplish'd few,
Each with a little kingdom in his brain,
Who club together to recast the world,
And love so many, that they care for none;
These have I witness'd, laughing at their realms
Of airy texture, by Ambition wove:—
But here is madness, far outdoing this:
For lo! the den whence oracles proceed,
Like exhalations from the noisome earth,
That once inbreathed, are death! This wonderful
Perfection of the vile, surpasseth all
Temptation in her darkest mood employs!
Yes, here are spirits, such as hell-thrones grace,
Convened to disinherit God of souls,
And on the blasphemous attempt of pride
Erect a dynasty of Sense supreme;
Each man a god unto himself, let loose
In all the blinding wantonness of Will.
And this is freedom, dignified for Man,—
When having fed the agonies of life
By years of being, weary, worn, and sad,
To close existence in the clay he breaths,—
A soulless, dreamless, unimagined Nought!

p. 300—306.

The only ground which it is possible to fancy any one would take for praising this poem is its high tone of moral and religious pretension. We are far from thinking that Mr. Montgomery is an immoral or irreligious writer. If we were to assume his licence of fabricating words, we should rather call him un-moral and un-religious; but only inasmuch as he is unpoetical, unlearned, unreasonable, ungrammatical,—a bundle, in short, of negations, with nothing positive about him, but his arrogance and self-conceit. He declaims against vice, and passions, and infidelity, with the most extreme fury, and the most utter absence of discrimination. Do we accuse him of being vicious, passionate, or an unbeliever in Christianity? Far from it. We are persuaded that he is as much virtuous as anything else; that he has rather more belief in Christianity than in any theory or system of philosophy or religion. But what we complain of is, that he seems to have no feeling of the reality of either vice or purity, truth or falsehood, christianity or unchristianity. All appear in him to be mere sounding words, used for the sake of persuading himself and others that his mind is occupied on high subjects, of being the idol of tea-tables, and of selling nine editions of his poems. "What!" Mr. Montgomery's book-seller, or his school-master, will exclaim, "what! can you dare to charge this regular, well-conducted, studious, promising, distinguished young man with hypocrisy and immorality?" Not so! But, alas! we assert that many a conscious ill-doer, that many a perplexed and agonized sceptic, is far more near to being in a healthy and hopeful condition than the author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity." They know from their experience, that sin and belief, conscience and God, are not words to be piled into clumsy metre, or repeated and dilated in pompous volumes; not catch-penny phrases or auctioneering puffs to be noised abroad in the great vanity-

fair of the public;—but holy and inward realities, truths to be brooded over by the heart, and not made pretexts for belabouring all around us. Any one who had really comprehended and felt a tenth of what this young man persuades himself he is conscious of, would have learned a solemn reverence for his own soul and for the consciousness of all men, which would have prevented him from setting his spiritual experience and conviction to a fashionable tune, and accompanying them with the scranell pipes of his meagre, faulty diction, and unharmonious verse. But before he had learned to feel, to think, to be sure that he had anything of his own in his mind at all, his personal vanity and his knowledge of the wretched hollowness of spirit in the religious vulgar, induced him to begin dealing in heaven and hell, in truth and redemption, as in the wares that would bring the largest and quickest returns to his self-complacency and his pocket. It was a woful error: of these ideas he really knew nothing. They dwell infinitely aloft, beyond the reach of those who are wrapped up in conceit and self-deception. He has meddled with nothing but the dead and empty words; and with them he has constructed popular volumes, and made himself a name which is great to-day among the professors of religion, literature, and all uncharitableness, and which will assuredly be to-morrow as completely forgotten as that of any other detected saltimbanco. Mr. Montgomery will probably be angry at these observations, and give evidence of his fury by an air of complete indifference and calm superiority. But he will feel, even now, that much of what we have here said is true, and the sooner his conscience shall teach him the justice of the whole, the better for his own welfare and that of his readers. Neither can he pretend to complain of the freedom with which we have spoken to him; for he has himself set us the example, and has frequently delighted to display as much virulent bitterness as is popularly ascribed to his hero; though we cannot say that he manifests the austere and self-concentred pride, or the vast and subtle comprehension which we conceive as belonging to the Prince of Evil. Mr. Montgomery calls up spirits; but, instead of coming from the vasty deep, they rise from the ditch of the "Dunciad."

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON.

Memoirs, Correspondence, and Private Papers of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States. 4 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley.

THIS work (we guess) will long remain a record of the plain times of Washington and Franklin, and a monument the more lasting from its unpretending modesty to the memory of a worthy fellow-labourer with the immortal Tells and Stauffachers of transatlantic story. Its appearance at the present time may help to stem the torrent of unutterable nonsense, which is flowing from the high places of the old world on whatever is connected with the polity and habits of the new. It may knock from off the stilts of their enthusiasm some worthy souls who idealize into monsters of refined sentimentality the champions of American Independence. And it may possibly change the vein and check the pride of other disputants, who find exceeding fault with Thomas Jefferson and his compeers, for omitting to engraft upon their country's constitution such blessings as the tithes, the licensing system, and the game laws. Moreover, the authority which naturally clings to the collected words of "one from the dead," may possibly annex itself to the posthumous animadversions of our author on the manners of Europe, and serve to counterbalance Captain Hall's satirical sayings on the Yankee lack of loyalty and Warren's jet blacking.

We can but try:—

"Behold me at length on the vaulted scene of Europe! It is not necessary for your information, that I should enter into details concerning it. But you are, perhaps, curious to know how this new scene has struck a savage of the mountains of America. Not advantageously, I assure you. I find the general fate of humanity here, most deplorable. The truth of Voltaire's observation offers itself perpetually, that every man here must be either the hammer or the anvil. It is a true picture of that country to which they say we shall pass hereafter, and where we are to see God and his angels in splendour, and crowds of the damned trampled under their feet. While the great mass of the people are thus suffering under physical and moral oppression, I have endeavoured to examine more clearly the condition of the great, to appreciate the true value of the circumstances in their situation which dazzle the bulk of spectators, and, especially, to compare it with that degree of happiness which is enjoyed in America, by every class of people. Intrigues of love occupy the younger, and those of ambition, the elder part of the great. Conjugal love having no existence among them, domestic happiness, of which that is the basis, is utterly unknown. In lieu of this, are substituted pursuits which nourish and invigorate all our bad passions, and which offer only moments of ecstasy, amidst days and months of restlessness and torment. Much, very much inferior, this, to the tranquil, permanent felicity with which domestic society in America blesses most of its inhabitants; leaving them to follow steadily those pursuits which health and reason approve, and rendering truly delicious the intervals of those pursuits.

"In science, the mass of the people is two centuries behind ours; their literati, half a dozen years before us. Books, really good, acquire just reputation in that time, and so become known to us, and communicate to us all their advances in knowledge. Is not this delay compensated by our being placed out of the reach of that swarm of nonsensical publications, which issues daily from a thousand presses, and perishes almost in issuing? With respect to what are termed polite manners, without sacrificing too much the sincerity of language, I would wish my countrymen to adopt just so much of European politeness, as to be ready to make all those little sacrifices of self, which really render European manners amiable, and relieve society from the disagreeable scenes to which rudeness often subjects it. Here, it seems that a man might pass a life without encountering a single rudeness. In the pleasures of the table they are far before us, because, with good taste they unite temperance. They do not terminate the most social meals by transforming themselves into brutes. I have never yet seen a man drunk in France, even among the lowest of the people. Were I to proceed to tell you how much I enjoy their architecture, sculpture, painting, music, I should want words. It is in these arts they shine. The last of them, particularly, is an enjoyment, the deprivation of which with us, cannot be calculated." 327-8.

Had we wished to curry favour for the volumes before us, or indeed had they in any degree needed it, the foregoing passages are decidedly the last we should have chosen to present to our readers. In tone and taste (almighty monosyllables) they cannot but grate harshly on a musical ear. In substance, too, there are one or two sentences liable to shock, and that perhaps not unreasonably, well-regulated spirits. And there are things which, though we think them correct in themselves, are not by any means conciliatory to many a cherished prejudice. But our duty was to lay our author open as he is, "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice;" and the duty of our readers, we will venture to remind them, is to put themselves for a moment in the position of the author, or of that congenial audience to which only he addressed himself. We Britons have no very good right to take example of the fox in the fable—to lick up the broad platter, which is filled for us by our travellers with overflowing abuse of all our neighbours, and then to growl at the vials of wrath of far more modest dimensions, replenished for their stork-like retaliation. Moreover, it may mollify the anger of John Bull, on this occasion at least, to give

him notice that the above remarks are evidently made on the occasion of a residence in France beneath the old regime.

Perhaps the plain language of the following observations on the conduct of the French revolution, may not tend to clear away the disagreeable impressions which the minds of some of our readers may have received from the foregoing. We insert them for the interest of their subject, not by any means as affording adequate evidence of the admirable shrewdness and good sense of which this active leader in one revolution often gives evidence in treating of another and less fortunate event of the same nature.

"The King was now become a passive machine in the hands of the National Assembly, and had he been left to himself, he would have willingly acquiesced in whatever they should devise as best for the nation. A wise constitution would have been formed, hereditary in his line, himself placed at its head, with powers so large, as to enable him to do all the good of his station, and so limited, as to restrain him from its abuse. This he would have faithfully administered, and more than this I do not believe he ever wished. But he had a Queen of absolute sway over his weak mind and timid virtue, and of a character the reverse of his in all points. This angel, as gaudily painted in the rhapsodies of Burke, with some smartness of fancy, but no sound sense, was proud, disdainful of restraint, indignant at all obstacles to her will, eager in the pursuit of pleasure, and firm enough to hold to her desires, or perish in their wreck. Her inordinate gambling and dissipations, with those of the Count d'Artois, and others of her *clique*, had been a sensible item in the exhaustion of the treasury, which called into action the reforming hand of the nation; and her opposition to it, her inflexible perverseness and dauntless spirit, led herself to the guillotine, drew the King on with her, and plunged the world into crimes and calamities which will for ever stain the pages of modern history. I have ever believed, that had there been no Queen, there would have been no revolution. No force would have been provoked, nor exercised. The King would have gone hand in hand with the wisdom of his sounder counsellors, who, guided by the increased lights of the age, wished only, with the same pace, to advance the principles of their social constitution. The deed which closed the mortal course of these sovereigns, I shall neither approve nor condemn. I am not prepared to say, that the first magistrate of a nation cannot commit treason against his country, or is unamenable to its punishment: nor yet, that where there is no written law, no regulated tribunal, there is not a law in our hearts, and a power in our hands, given for righteous employment in maintaining right, and redressing wrong. Of those who judged the King, many thought him wilfully criminal; many, that his existence would keep the nation in perpetual conflict with the horde of kings, who would war against a regeneration which might come home to themselves, and that it were better that one should die than all. I should not have voted with this portion of the legislature. I should have shut up the Queen in a convent, putting harm out of her power, and placed the King in his station, investing him with limited powers, which, I verily believe, he would have honestly exercised, according to the measure of his understanding. In this way, no void would have been created, courting the usurpation of a military adventurer, nor occasion given for those enormities which demoralized the nations of the world, and destroyed, and is yet to destroy, millions and millions of its inhabitants. There are three epochs in history, signalized by the total extinction of national morality. The first was of the successors of Alexander, not omitting himself. The next, the successors of the first Caesar. The third, our own age. This was begun by the partition of Poland, followed by that of the treaty of Pillnitz; next, the conflagration of Copenhagen; then the enormities of Bonaparte, partitioning the earth at his will, and devastating it with fire and sword; now the conspiracy of Kings, the successors of Bonaparte, blasphemously calling themselves the Holy Alliance, and treading in the footsteps of their incarcerated leader; not yet, indeed, usurping the government of other nations, avowedly and in detail, but controlling by their armies the forms in which they will permit them to be governed; and reserving, *in pectore*, the

order and extent of their usurpations further meditated." 86-7.

The greater part of the correspondence in the first volume of this work, and that to which our remarks, as well as our reading, has been hitherto confined, consists of letters, or despatches we should rather say, written during the struggle for independence; they relate chiefly to matters of business, to arrangements for supplies for the army, to the treatment of prisoners, &c. They are, therefore, rather curious as records, than calculated to interest the general reader. Now and then, however, a passage of a different stamp occurs, and diverting anecdotes and characteristic incidents make their appearance among the details of business. Of this class the following report of an occurrence, in which a British commander plays one of the principal parts, is a curious instance:—

"A small affair has taken place between the British commanding officer in this state, General Phillips, and the Executive, of which, as he may endeavour to get rid of it through the medium of Congress, I think it necessary previously to apprise you.

"General Scott obtained permission from the commandant at Charlestown, for vessels with necessary supplies to go from hence to them; but instead of sending the original, sent only a copy of the permission taken by his brigade major. I applied to General Phillips to supply this omission by furnishing a passport for the vessel. Having just before taken great offence at a threat of retaliation in the treatment of prisoners, he enclosed his answer to my letter under this address: 'To Thomas Jefferson, Esq., American Governor of Virginia.' I paused on receiving the letter, and for some time would not open it; however, when the miserable condition of our brethren in Charlestown occurred to me, I could not determine that they should be left without the necessities of life while a punctilio should be discussing between the British General and myself; and knowing that I had an opportunity of returning the compliment to Mr. Phillips, in a case perfectly corresponding, I opened the letter.

"Very shortly after, I received, as I expected, the permission of the board of war, for the British flag vessel, then in Hampton Roads with clothing and refreshments, to proceed to Alexandria. I enclosed and addressed it, 'To William Phillips, Esq., commanding the British Forces in the Commonwealth of Virginia.' Personally knowing Phillips to be the proudest man of the proudest nation on earth, I well knew he will not open this letter; but having occasion, at the same time, to write to Captain Gerlach, the flag-master, I informed him that the Convention troops in this state should perish for want of necessities before any should be carried to them through this state, till General Phillips either swallowed this pill of retaliation, or made an apology for his rudeness. And in this, should the matter come ultimately to Congress, we hope for their support.

"He has the less right to insist on the expedition of his flag, because his letter, instead of enclosing a passport to expedite ours, contained only an evasion of the application, by saying he had referred it to Sir Henry Clinton, and, in the mean time, he has come up the river, and taken the vessel with her loading, which we had chartered and prepared to send to Charlestown, and which wanted nothing but the passport to enable her to depart.

"I would further observe to you, that this gentleman's letters to the Baron Steuben first, and afterwards to the Marquis Fayette, have been in a style so intolerably insolent and haughty, that both these gentlemen have been obliged to inform him, that if he thinks proper to address them again in the same spirit, all intercourse shall be discontinued." 220-21.

In the very next letter we find this superlatively haughty officer alluded to as dead.

The correspondence of Mr. Jefferson, after he came to Paris, naturally assumes a more general character, and the interest attending its perusal is consequently proportionably increased. The occurrences which were paving the way for the great change about to be effected in the French government, did not, as we have already shown by extracts from the *Memoirs*, pass unnoted by

so shrewd an observer; but as the principal events connected with the Revolution form the subject of the letters contained in the subsequent volumes, we shall abstain from forestalling the interest of any extracts we may think it advisable to make from them on a future occasion.

The view, by an American, of the state of the press in England at the conclusion of the war with our colonies, and of the nature of the influence it exercised, as contained in the first few lines of the following passage, is among the most curious in the early pages of the correspondence; the political notions that succeed are a remarkable proof of the shrewdness and soundness of views of the writer:—

"You ask me what are those operations of the British nation, which are likely to befriender us, and how they will produce this effect? The British government, as you may naturally suppose, have it much at heart to reconcile their nation to the loss of America. This is essential to the repose, perhaps even to the safety, of the king and his ministers. The most effectual engines for this purpose are the public papers. You know well, that that government always kept a kind of standing army of news-writers, who, without any regard to truth, or to what should be like truth, invented, and put into the papers whatever might serve the ministers. This suffices with the mass of the people, who have no means of distinguishing the false, from the true paragraphs of a newspaper. When forced to acknowledge our independence, they were forced to redouble their efforts to keep the nation quiet. Instead of a few of the papers formerly engaged, they now engaged every one. No paper, therefore, comes out without a dose of paragraphs against America. These are calculated for a secondary purpose also, that of preventing the emigrations of their people to America. They dwell very much on American bankruptcies. To explain these, would require a long detail; but would show you that nine-tenths of these bankruptcies are truly English bankruptcies, in nowise chargeable on America. However, they have produced effects the most desirable of all others for us: they have destroyed our credit, and thus checked our disposition to luxury; and, forcing our merchants to buy no more than they have ready money to pay for, they force them to go to those markets where that ready money will buy most. Thus, you see, they check our luxury, they force us to connect ourselves with all the world, and they prevent foreign emigrations to our country, all of which I consider as advantageous to us. They are doing us another good turn. They attempt, without disguise, to possess themselves of the carriage of our produce, and to prohibit our own vessels from participating in it. This has raised a general indignation in America. The states see, however, that their constitutions have provided no means of counteracting it. They are therefore beginning to vest Congress with the absolute power of regulating their commerce, only reserving all revenue arising from it, to the state in which it is levied. This will consolidate our federal building very much, and for this we shall be indebted to the British.

"You ask what I think on the expediency of encouraging our states to be commercial. Were I to indulge my own theory, I should wish them to practise neither commerce nor navigation, but to stand, with respect to Europe, precisely on the footing of China. We should thus avoid wars, and all our citizens would be husbandmen. Whenever, indeed, our numbers should so increase, as that our produce would overstock the markets of those nations who should come to seek it, the farmers must either employ the surplus of their time in manufactures, or the surplus of our hands must be employed in manufactures or in navigation. But that day would, I think, be distant, and we should long keep our workmen in Europe, while Europe should be drawing rough materials, and even subsistence, from America. But this is theory only, and a theory which the servants of America are not at liberty to follow. Our people have a decided taste for navigation and commerce. They take this from their mother country; and their servants are in duty bound to calculate all their measures on this datum: we wish to do it by throwing open all the doors of commerce, and knocking off its shackles. But as this cannot be done for others, unless they will do it for us, and there is no great probability that Europe will do this, I sup-

pose we shall be obliged to adopt a system which may shackle them in our ports, as they do us in theirs." 343-44.

The following sketch of the history of the paper money in America, was furnished for a French work. Even to this day it retains its interest:—

Paper Money in America.

"Previous to the late revolution, most of the states were in the habit, whenever they had occasion for more money than could be raised immediately, by taxes, to issue paper notes or bills, in the name of the state, wherein they promised to pay to the bearer the sum named in the note or bill. In some of the states, no time of payment was fixed, nor tax laid to enable payment. In these, the bills depreciated. But others of the states, named in the bill the day when it should be paid, laid taxes to bring in money enough for that purpose, and paid the bills punctually, on or before the day named. In these states, paper money was in as high estimation as gold and silver. On the commencement of the late revolution, Congress had no money. The external commerce of the states being suppressed, the farmer could not sell his produce, and, of course, could not pay a tax. Congress had no resource then, but in paper money. Not being able to lay a tax for its redemption, they could only promise that taxes should be laid for that purpose, so as to redeem the bills by a certain day. They did not foresee the long continuance of the war, the almost total suppression of their exports, and other events, which rendered the performance of their engagement impossible. The paper money continued, for a twelve-month, equal to gold and silver. But the quantities which they were obliged to emit, for the purposes of the war, exceeded what had been the usual quantity of the circulating medium. It began, therefore, to become cheaper, or, as we expressed it, it depreciated, as gold and silver would have done, had they been thrown into circulation in equal quantities. But not having, like them, an intrinsic value, its depreciation was more rapid, and greater, than could ever have happened with them. In two years, it had fallen to two dollars of paper money for one of silver; in three years, to four for one; in nine months more, it fell to ten for one; and in the six months following, that is to say, by September, 1779, it had fallen to twenty for one.

"Congress, alarmed at the consequences which were to be apprehended, should they lose this resource altogether, thought it necessary to make a vigorous effort to stop its further depreciation. They, therefore, determined, in the first place, that their emission should not exceed two hundred millions of dollars, to which term they were then nearly arrived; and though they knew that twenty dollars of what they were then issuing, would buy no more for their army than one silver dollar would buy, yet they thought it would be worth while, to submit to the sacrifice of nineteen out of twenty dollars, if they could thereby stop further depreciation. They, therefore, published an address to their constituents, in which they renewed their original declarations, that this paper money should be redeemed at dollar for dollar. They proved the ability of the states to do this, and that their liberty would be cheaply bought at that price. The declaration was ineffectual. No man received the money at a better rate; on the contrary, in six months more, that is, by March, 1780, it had fallen to forty for one. Congress then tried an experiment of a different kind. Considering their former offers to redeem this money, at par, as relinquished by the general refusal to take it, but in progressive depreciation, they required the whole to be brought in, declared it should be redeemed at its present value, of forty for one, and, that they would give to the holders new bills, reduced in their denomination to the sum of gold or silver, which was actually to be paid for them. This would reduce the nominal sum of the mass in circulation, to the present worth of that mass, which was five millions; a sum not too great for the circulation of the states, and which, they therefore hoped, would not depreciate further, as they continued firm in their purpose of emitting no more. This effort was as unavailing as the former. Very little of the money was brought in. It continued to circulate and to depreciate, till the end of 1780, when it had fallen to seventy-five for one, and the money circulated from the French army, being, by that time, sensible in all the states north of the Potomac, the paper ceased its circula-

tion altogether in those states. In Virginia and North Carolina, it continued a year longer, within which time it fell to one thousand for one, and then expired, as it had done in the other states, without a single groan. Not a murmur was heard, on this occasion, among the people. On the contrary, universal congratulations took place, on their seeing this gigantic mass, whose dissolution had threatened convulsions which should shake their infant confederacy to its centre, quietly interred in its grave. Foreigners, indeed, who do not, like the natives, feel indulgence for its memory, as of a being which has vindicated their liberties, and fallen in the moment of victory, have been loud, and still are loud in their complaints. A few of them have reason; but the most noisy are not the best of them. They are persons who have become bankrupt, by unskillful attempts at commerce with America. That they may have some pretext to offer to their creditors, they have brought up great masses of this dead money in America, where it is to be had at five thousand for one, and they show the certificates of their paper possessions, as if they had all died in their hands, and had been the cause of their bankruptcy. Justice will be done to all, by paying to all persons what this money actually cost them, with an interest of six per cent. from the time they received it. If difficulties present themselves in the ascertaining the epoch of the receipt, it has been thought better that the state should lose, by admitting easy proofs, than that individuals, and especially foreigners, should, by being held to such as would be difficult, perhaps impossible." 401-3.

We shall conclude our present extracts with a refutation of the assertion made by certain naturalists more given to trust to their imagination than to depend on facts, that animals degenerate in America, and that the faculties of the Indians are inferior to those of the inhabitants of other portions of the globe. It forms part of a paper also communicated to a publication of the period of Jefferson's first sojourn at Paris:

"I will beg leave to say here a few words on the general question of the degeneracy of animals in America. 1. As to the degeneracy of the man of Europe transplanted to America, it is no part of Monsieur de Buffon's system. He goes, indeed, within one step of it, but he stops there. The Abbé Raynal alone has taken that step. Your knowledge of America enables you to judge this question, to say whether the lower class of people in America are less informed and less susceptible of information than the lower class in Europe; and whether those in America, who have received such an education as that country can give, are less improved by it than Europeans of the same degree of education. 2. As to the aboriginal man of America, I know of no respectable evidence on which the opinion of his inferiority of genius has been founded, but that of Don Ulloa. As to Robertson, he never was in America; he relates nothing on his own knowledge; he is a compiler only of the relation of others, and a mere translator of the opinions of Monsieur de Buffon. I should as soon, therefore, add the translators of Robertson to the witnesses of this fact, as himself. Paw, the beginner of this charge, was a compiler from the works of others, and of the most unlucky description; for he seems to have read the writings of travellers, only to collect and republish their lies. It is really remarkable, that in three volumes, 12mo, of small print, it is scarcely possible to find one truth, and yet that the author should be able to produce authority for every fact he states, as he says he can. Don Ulloa's testimony is of the most respectable. He wrote of what he saw, but he saw the Indian of South America only; and that after he had passed through ten generations of slavery. It is very unfair, from this sample, to judge of the natural genius of this race of men; and after supposing that Don Ulloa had not sufficiently calculated the allowance which should be made for this circumstance, we do him no injury in considering the picture he draws of the present Indians of South America, as no picture of what their ancestors were three hundred years ago. It is in North America we are to seek their original character, and I am safe in affirming that the proofs of genius given by the Indians of North America, place them on a level with whites in the same uncultivated state. The North of Europe

furnishes subjects enough for comparison with them, and for a proof of their equality. I have seen some thousands myself, and conversed much with them, and have found in them a masculine, sound understanding. I have had much information from men who had lived among them, and whose veracity and good sense were so far known to me, as to establish a reliance on their information. They had all agreed in bearing witness in favour of the genius of this people. As to their bodily strength, their manners rendering it disgraceful to labour, those muscles employed in labour will be weaker with them than with the European labourer; but those which are exerted in the chase, and those faculties which are employed in the tracing of an enemy or a wild beast, in contriving ambuscades for him, and in carrying them through their execution, are much stronger than with us, because they are more exercised. I believe the Indian then to be, in body and mind, equal to the white man. I have supposed the black man, in his present state, might not be so; but it would be hazardous to affirm that, equally cultivated for a few generations, he would not become so." p. 229-30.

CHIVALRY.

The History of Chivalry and the Crusades. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A., M.R.S.L. 2 vols. Vol. I. Edinburgh, Constable and Co. Vol. L. of Constable's Miscellany.

It seems to us that the notion of uniting chivalry and the Crusades together, as the subjects of a single work, was not particularly happy. There is not necessarily any closer connexion of chivalry with the holy wars than with the conquest of England or of Naples by the Normans, the persecutions of the Albigenses, or the expedition of the Black Prince into Spain. Nor is there any conceivable reason for connecting the history of a memorable institution with that of a memorable event, (except in a general account of the time to which both belonged) unless the one had given rise to the other. Nobody will pretend that chivalry was the cause of the Crusades, though it may have been a co-operating force, and, in truth, it had little more to do with them than this, that some of the Crusaders were knights. The book cannot but have suffered from being thus made a receptacle for materials naturally separate and heterogeneous; and we must needs lament that the talents of Mr. Stebbing should have been employed in a labour of which the very first conception was altogether faulty. Chivalry and the Crusades are also in this respect different, that the former offers a field of inquiry among the most difficult and dark presented to the historian; while the latter scarcely require him to do more than to tell a plain tale, often told before, and yet almost incapable of being recounted without exciting a lively interest. Narrative and description are far easier than examination and analysis; and it is not surprising that the actions and incidents of the holy wars should be exhibited, in this little volume, by far more adequately than the wide and obscure causes, the scattered and remote effects, of the institutions and spirit of chivalry. Yet we confess, that in the more arduous task, and that to which, at the same time, the smaller portion of this volume is devoted, there are much more valuable and striking evidences of original thought than could have been looked for in such a compilation; and we chiefly complain of the author, because giving us glimpses of views more extensive and curious than ordinary, he seems in want either of perseverance or faith to round and complete his theory. We are therefore annoyed, in the earlier parts of the book, by an occasional defect of order, sequence, and consistency, which cannot be disguised by many important and new observations, many brilliant pictures, and a style fluently and sometimes fancifully eloquent.

Mr. Stebbing is inclined to attribute the commencement of chivalry to the reign of Charle-

magne; and the following is one of the speculations as to its origin, which we find in the first chapter:—

"Whenever, indeed, chivalry assumed the character of a perfect institution, it must have owed its consolidation to circumstances, which we find most powerfully acting under the reign of Charlemagne. That which rendered the knighthood of Christendom different from the military honours of earlier times, was, if traced to its source, the peculiar relation which the church, in Christian nations, has always held to the civil government. Nothing like chivalry, properly so called, could exist in ancient times; and this, not because of the want of valour, gallantry, or a devotional spirit, but because there was no special sacred authority, no distinct power—distinct from that which warred and governed—to give them a new name or direction. The religion of paganism never for a moment rivalled the majesty, or stood independent, of the state; and, to carry the observation farther, Mahometanism was an indissoluble compound of the religious and civil power. In neither the one case nor the other was there an authority that could add a glory to regality which kings could not of themselves acquire. The Christian church, from its earliest establishment, existed necessarily and absolutely as a separate foundation; and, while it retained its primitive simplicity, was content to expend its sanctity on the consecration of its own spiritual soldiers. But no change, either in its character or circumstances, could destroy its complete distinctness from the temporal power. It might be brought to act in conjunction with it, but they could not be confounded with each other; and, whether robed in sanctity, or in the purple pall of dominion, the church had an authority which, like the mysteries of its name, could never be alienated or divided.

"But what could be more likely, when this new establishment had become as much an object of wonder for its magnificence as of veneration for its holiness, than that men should begin to regard it as a new fountain of honour, and readily yield themselves to its influence when they believed it capable of heightening the glory of their exploits by the consummation of its sanctity? To create such an institution as chivalry, nothing was wanted but this; and this, I apprehend, was the powerful source of all the proud and solemn adornments of Christian knighthood. At the period assigned for its commencement, the ecclesiastical authority obtained its first and most striking advance upon worldly splendour; and this important circumstance was aided by others, which served to vary the uniformity of its effect upon the rising system. From the reign of Charlemagne, literature began to show symptoms of revival. The light which it shed was not strong enough to lead to truth, but it tended to soften the manners of the high and noble, who alone could enjoy it. Charles himself is said to have been fond of science, to have learned astronomy, rhetoric and logic, under the famous Alcuin, whom he invited from England for the purpose. Many academies, also, were instituted in different parts of Europe; and history was studied by the ecclesiastics as a favourite and fashionable pursuit. Not one of these branches of literature, it is true, was cultivated in its purity. Philosophy was disfigured by the useless speculations of schoolmen; poetry was a vain imitation of the classical authors; and the dignity of history was diminished by a frequent mixture of incredible traditions. But even an uncertain light makes men conscious of there being something in existence besides themselves. If it be not sufficient to show them the proper forms of things, it makes them aware of objects after which it is their interest to seek, and in seeking for which the mind becomes better acquainted with its capacity. The example which was set, both by Alfred and Charlemagne, must have had no little effect on the pursuits of their courtiers and military followers; and hence a new order of feelings, favourable to a more gentle gallantry than that which had hitherto prevailed, was connected with the profession of arms." 26-8.

We are tempted to give, in his own words, our author's views of

The Influence of Chivalry.

"To whatever age we assign the commencement of this celebrated institution, it is to be regarded as among the most remarkable circumstances in the

progress of modern civilization—as one, perhaps, of the seven hills on which the citadel of our civil and religious liberties is founded: or, if not this, as a barrier against the troubled current of tempestuous times, affording at least protection, if not nourishment, to the scattered seeds of knowledge and refinement. But I confess, so far as I have hitherto viewed the subject, I am not inclined to ascribe all those prodigious advantages to the institutions of chivalry, which is frequently done. According to the representations of some writers on the subject, it would require no little judgment in a reader not to be persuaded, that every good we possess as a civilized people is derived from the influence of knighthood. They would make us believe, by their extravagant eulogiums of its principles, that it was the concentration and activity of every religious and social virtue—that Christianity would, in fact, have done little towards the civilization of Europe without its aid—that the natural power and energy of growing kingdoms is a shadow, when compared with the influence of chivalry—that mankind would have stood in great peril of never discovering what is right or becoming in the duties and manners of social life, had not knights and their squires set them an example—that the female sex owe all the respect they possess in free and Christian states to the gallantry of soldiers in the middle ages—and that every gentleman in the land owes his love of truth and his honourable character to the brave bearing of his harnessed ancestors.

"To give credit to representations which thus eulogise the glory of chivalry, is to detract from the worth of those humbler but surer aids to civilization which belong to mankind in every state of progressive improvement, and which were the especial property of the times in which this institution gained its principal celebrity. It would be madness, or at least very unphilosophical, to believe, that when the great spirit of humanity was nourished by the richest food that truth ever provided it; when it was bursting with irresistible strength, like a stream in the bowels of a mountain, through every obstacle in its progress, and when the empire of war, and the glory which pertained to conquest, was every day imperceptibly yielding something to the worth of citizenship and commerce—it would greatly savour of an extravagant predilection for the gala shows of history, to give more credit than is plainly due to the influence of chivalrous institutions. They softened, perhaps, the barbarism of war, but there were principles at work, independent of chivalry, which put a bit into the dragon's mouth, and chained as well as tamed it. They threw splendour over scenes which had otherwise wanted the ornament and grace of polished life; but society, in the second great era of its formation, had inseparably mixed up with its elements the principles of moral and domestic excellence; and these were continually tending to produce that state of social life which is the best and happiest, because truth and virtue are not its ornaments, as with chivalry, but its simple and unnoticed groundwork.

"But though I am inclined, in these respects, to differ widely from the romantic pageants of knighthood and its times, I would not be understood to mean, that the institutions of chivalry were in aught less magnificent than tradition and imagination combine to represent them. It is, indeed, as brilliant inventions of an age when the love of pomp had outrun the gradual advance of civilization, and men, though not yet strong enough to be the soldiers of truth, began to pay her homage by forms and ceremonies, that such institutions deserve the most serious attention. Under this point of view, chivalry will not seduce us into fanciful and injudicious exaggerations; nor will it lose any of the splendour in which romance has clothed it, by being in some measure deprived of that grave importance in the fate of empires which has been attributed to its influence. The glittering spears and polished swords of its votaries were glorious as spears and swords, but not as ploughshares and pruning-hooks." 30-2.

We are tempted, in order to convince Mr. Stebbing that we have looked beyond the earlier chapters of his book, to make a quotation from his narrative of the Crusades; but his general views are much better worth consideration than his abridgment of a familiar story, and we therefore prefer to add another extract on the

Character of Christian Chivalry.

"The knight became a vassal originally, not from any inferiority of birth, or from circumstances which affected the free nobility of his nature, but because he possessed courage, a bold spirit, a heart that could nourish fidelity and friendship—the virtues which rendered him a worthy and useful associate of warlike princes and nobles. The grant which he received of land was not only the reward of services freely given, but a new bond of friendly union between him and his lord. It gave him a kind of domestic relationship with his superior, rendered their interests thenceforth one, and taught them to look to each other as reciprocally obligated to resent their affronts and support their rights. It was from this original freedom of the contract that all those maxims were derived, which rendered it shameful for a knight ever to fight against his lord and even bound him to contend by his side, when he waged rebellion against his sovereign. All the duties which were inculcated at the time of his investiture breathe the same feeling, and are evidently referable to the same origin. If chivalry, indeed, have any of that moral beauty for which it has obtained so much admiration, the spirit of the feudal system also deserves somewhat of the same praise. As they present themselves to the mind in theory, they appear equally calculated to produce sentiments of generosity, noble and devoted friendships, and all the kind and hospitable sympathies of a free but useful association. In their corruption they were about equally productive of bad effects; and if we contemplate either with pleasure, it must be in their first establishment, or when the principles from which they proceeded had the power of novelty over those who embraced them.

"That personal valour was at its highest price in these unsettled times, the history of the wild feuds, the ceaseless struggles for territory, and the violent changes which distinguished them, prove beyond doubt; nor is there any want of evidence to demonstrate the power which the church had gained over its filial subjects. Instances, it is true, occur, in which we see the stern and barbarous passions of some chieftain pushing him on to a desperate contempt of its ordinances; but this, in general, appears to have been the result of an audacious impiety, not of any cool disregard of ecclesiastical authority; and was ranked by his contemporaries with the fearful blasphemies which made men dare the vengeance of God, or the spirits of evil. The almost universal state of mankind was one of trembling superstition; nor is it requisite to bring forward the vices or corrupt conduct of the sovereign pontiffs, as absolutely necessary to explain the gloomy phenomenon. I can never believe, that, bad as was the influence they exercised, horrible as were their sins against the divine truth, which they hid and polluted as much as they had the power to do, that they had so completely the sway over light and darkness, as to be able, by their policy, to steep the world in night whenever it was their will. No sovereign, either temporal or spiritual, gains a more than just influence over the minds of his subjects, till causes foreign to his authority have tended to debase them. The great ignorance into which every class of mankind had fallen at the period of which we are speaking, was of itself sufficient to produce the complete corruption of religion. To preserve the purity of a faith divinely revealed, there are two things necessary; the full and general comprehension of its doctrines, and such an idea of the evidence on which they rest, as will prevent their being confounded with the inventions of either impostors or fanatics. Religion may exist in the minds of individuals, without the possession of much reasoning power, and be pure and effective; but among a large body of people, in a nation, or a family of nations, it cannot; for though it may not be corrupted by, or yield to, private passion, of which it often supplies the place, it never has a sufficient pre-eminence above the present interests which agitate people and nations, not to be subjected to the public mind, and take the very hue and colour of its disposition. But to whatever causes we attribute it, certain it is, that every country in Europe felt at this period the iron hand of superstition, as heavy as it ever fell in the worst times of paganism on the heathen world. The worship of relics was carried to the highest pitch of absurdity; pilgrimages to Rome, which had never either reason or imagination to dignify them, were regarded as the most pious acts which

the faithful could perform; and to reverence the clergy with a blind and servile awe, the best and sweetest sacrifice which God could receive. However the mind may be constituted, it is next to impossible that it should escape the influence of such an enervating atmosphere as was thus cast about it. If it be naturally weak or base, it will become brutish and besotted, a vile mass of dull surmisings and untamed appetites; if it be of a better and higher nature, it will give life to the empty forms and ceremonies which it has been taught to regard with reverence. It will feel the strange awe, the mysterious, though perhaps doubting dread, which even companionship with the superstitious inspires. In the power to which the multitude bows, it can see the only image of the divine attributes on which, from infancy, it has been taught to look; and free as it may be in all other respects, it willingly yields itself to the solemn impressions and associations with which the faith of our fathers is bound up. But the generosity of its nature remains, and imagination throws a light and glory even over the forms of the earthiest superstition. It may worship the same idols as the vulgar, but it is not till the wood and stone with which the vulgar are contented, have become spiritualized—clothed with the brightness of thought, and made to assume the shape and lineaments of some heavenly form which they have loved and nurtured in their souls.

"This, or something very like it, was the actual state of many of the free and ardent spirits who laboured under the oppressive darkness of the middle ages; and to the resistance they opposed against the total destruction of all true and noble feeling, that period owed the only gleam of light which saved mankind from utter barbarism. Whether these sentiments of generosity and freedom, which in the worst times of anarchy prevailed in some breasts, had their origin in, and could only be supported by, the institutions of chivalry—whether it is to them we must principally attribute their higher development in succeeding ages, or that we are to regard the former altogether in the light of inventions which only testify the existence of a power, but have no influence in the creation of that power—the consideration of this question cannot be here undertaken; but there appears to me far more reason to regard chivalry as the exhibition of a secret energy, long trying to emancipate itself, and at length becoming satisfied with any outward expression which circumstances prompted it to take, than as a mysterious assemblage of all-powerful rules, each of which had life in itself, and could give life to the qualities which were wanted to perfect the chevalier; that is, not as a religion, but as the ceremonies which men invent after the religion has been established, and when a bolder licentiousness makes it necessary to support what is natural and divine by what is human." 36—40.

This volume of "Constable's Miscellany" is, on the whole, decidedly superior to the greater number of its predecessors.

INSECT ARCHITECTURE.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Vol. III. Part II. Insect Architecture. 12mo. London, 1829. Knight.

In this last Number of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," the subject to which the name of "Insect Architecture" has been so happily applied, is continued and concluded. This second part of the volume, while it is no less interesting in subject than the preceding one, displays equal familiarity with the knowledge transmitted by former naturalists, and the same philosophical shrewdness in discriminating between their well-drawn conclusions and facts correctly observed and reported, and the errors to be occasionally detected in their statements. In original remarks, moreover, and in accounts of the results of new experiments and observations personally made by the writer of the volume, Part II. has the merit of abounding still more than its predecessor. We took occasion to remark how favourably on that account the former part contrasted with the volumes of mere compilation, with which certain purveyors of knowledge on natural history content themselves, and

we are glad to find fresh grounds for commendation on the same score, and to observe that there are few pages of the continuation which do not possess this great charm of novelty and originality.

It is surprising how much the interest excited by studies of this nature under any circumstances is increased, when we are invited to accompany our instructor in observations of his own making. We almost fancy that we ourselves become the observers; when, for instance, we read that in order to ascertain the truth or error of a statement, the author at the moment of writing turns out a caterpillar on his desk, that he might remark the mode in which it constructed its dwelling from the green cloth which formed the covering to the desk. We cannot too highly commend the mode of acquiring the necessary qualifications and authority for imparting knowledge to others, and we dwell the longer on this merit in the work before us, because it is but too common in our days for mere smatterers, presuming on their own acuteness, that they shall not fall into gross blunders, and on the ignorance of their readers to secure them from detection in the mistakes they cannot fail to make, to turn book-makers on any subjects.

But to the particular subject of the work before us. A brief enumeration of its contents will be the best clue to an idea of the interesting matter it embraces. The part consists of eight chapters, of which the first is an additional one on caterpillars, the last chapter in the former part having been devoted to the same subject; the second treats of crickets and beetles; the three following are devoted to the architecture of ants; one is occupied with accounts of the silk-worm, and other spinning caterpillars; the eighteenth chapter treats of spiders; the succeeding one of gall-flies; the last of animal galls.

To select from this catalogue any one subject much surpassing the rest in interest, would be a task of some difficulty; yet we cannot refrain from recommending to the particular attention of our readers the accounts of the proceedings of those ingenious labourers the Mason Caterpillar, those nice workmen the Tent-making Caterpillar, and the Leaf and Bark Miners. No bidding is necessary to cause people to turn to the chapters on ants.

For ourselves, however, we confess that we have another partiality, and that our preference is engaged in favour of the description of the operations of those peculiar and interesting insects—spiders. The investigations of our author respecting them are the more interesting as they are directed to the elucidation of a question yet in dispute among naturalists, as to the cause of the floating of the spider's thread. The opinions on this point most earnestly insisted on seem to be two: 1st, that the floating is caused by electricity, and that the insect has the power of propelling these threads, even in "the wind's eye," says one writer; 2ndly, that the threads are carried by a current of air. Our author inclines to the latter opinion, on the grounds which will be found in the following extracts:—

"The following statements of Mr. Blackwall come nearer our own observations:

"Having procured a small branched twig," says Mr. Blackwall, "I fixed it upright in an earthen vessel containing water, its base being immersed in the liquid, and upon it I placed several of the spiders which produce gossamer. Whenever the insects thus circumstanced were exposed to a current of air, either naturally or artificially produced, they directly turned the thorax towards the quarter whence it came, even when it was so slight as scarcely to be perceptible, and elevating the abdomen, they emitted from their spinners a small portion of glutinous matter, which was instantly carried out in a line, consisting of four finer ones, with a velocity equal, or nearly so, to that with which the air

moved, as was apparent from observations made on the motion of detached lines similarly exposed. The spiders, in the next place, carefully ascertained whether their lines had become firmly attached to any object or not, by pulling at them with the first pair of legs; and if the result was satisfactory, after tightening them sufficiently, they made them pass to the twig; then discharging from their spinners, which they applied to the spot where they stood, a little more of their liquid gum, and committing themselves to these bridges of their own constructing, they passed over them in safety, drawing a second line after them, as a security in case the first gave way, and so effected their escape.

"Such was invariably the result when spiders were placed where the air was liable to be sensibly agitated: I resolved, therefore, to put a bell glass over them; and in this situation they remained seventeen days, evidently unable to produce a single line by which they could quit the branch they occupied, without encountering the water at its base; though, on the removal of the glass, they regained their liberty with as much celerity as in the instances already recorded." p. 346-7.

"What more particularly arrested my attention," says Mr. Blackwall, "was the ascent of an amazing quantity of webs, of an irregular, complicated structure, resembling unravelled silk of the finest quality, and clearest white; they were of various shapes and dimensions, some of the largest measuring upwards of a yard in length, and several inches in breadth in the widest part; while others were almost as broad as long, presenting an area of a few square inches only.

"These webs, it was quickly perceived, were not formed in the air, as is generally believed, but at the earth's surface. The lines of which they were composed, being brought into contact by the mechanical action of gentle airs, adhered together, till, by continual additions, they were accumulated into flakes or masses of considerable magnitude, on which the ascending current, occasioned by the rarefaction of the air contiguous to the heated ground, acted with so much force as to separate them from the objects to which they were attached, raising them in the atmosphere to a perpendicular height of at least several hundred feet. I collected a number of these webs about mid-day, as they rose; and again in the afternoon, when the upward current had ceased, and they were falling; but scarcely one in twenty contained a spider; though, on minute inspection, I found small-winged insects, chiefly aphides, entangled in most of them.

"From contemplating this unusual display of gossamer, my thoughts were naturally directed to the animals which produced it, and the countless myriads in which they swarmed almost created as much surprise as the singular occupation that engrossed them. Apparently actuated by the same impulse, all were intent upon traversing the regions of air; accordingly, after gaining the summits of various objects, as blades of grass, stubble, rails, gates, &c., by the slow and laborious process of climbing, they raised themselves still higher by straightening their limbs; and elevating the abdomen, by bringing it from the usual horizontal position, into one almost perpendicular, they emitted from their spinning apparatus a small quantity of the glutinous secretion with which they construct their webs. This viscous substance being drawn out by the ascending current of rarefied air into fine lines several feet in length, was carried upward, until the spiders, feeling themselves acted upon with sufficient force in that direction, quitted their hold of the objects on which they stood, and commenced their journey by mounting aloft.

"Whenever the lines became inadequate to the purpose for which they were intended, by adhering to any fixed body, they were immediately detached from the spinners and so con-

verted into terrestrial gossamer, by means of the last pair of legs, and the proceedings just described were repeated; which plainly proves that these operations result from a strong desire felt by the insects to effect an ascent."

"Without going into the particulars of what agrees or disagrees in the above experiments with our own observations, we shall give a brief account of what we have actually seen in our researches. So far as we have determined then, all the various species of spiders, how different soever the form of their webs may be, proceed in the circumstance of shooting their lines precisely alike; but those which we have found the most manageable in experimenting, are the small gossamer spider (*Aranea oblectrix*, Bechstein), known by its shining blackish-brown body and reddish-brown semi-transparent legs; but particularly the long-bodied spider (*Tetragnatha extensa*, Latr.), which varies in colour from green to brownish or grey—but has always a black line along the belly, with a silvery white or yellowish one on each side. The latter is chiefly recommended by being a very industrious and persevering spinner, while its movements are easily seen, from the long cylindrical form of its body, and the length of its legs.

"We placed the above two species with five or six others, including the garden, the domestic, and the labyrinthic spiders, in empty wine-glasses, set in tea-saucers filled with water to prevent their escape. When they discovered, by repeated descents from the brims of the glasses, that they were thus surrounded by a wet ditch, they all set themselves to the task of throwing their silken bridges across. For this purpose they first endeavoured to ascertain in what direction the wind blew, or rather (as the experiment was made in our study) which way any current of air set,—by elevating their arms as we have seen sailors do in a dead calm. But, as it may prove more interesting to keep to one individual, we shall first watch the proceedings of the gossamer spider.

"Finding no current of air on any quarter of the brim of the glass, it seemed to give up all hopes of constructing its bridge of escape, and placed itself in the attitude of repose; but, no sooner did we produce a stream of air, by blowing gently towards its position, than, fixing a thread to the glass, and laying hold of it with one of its feet, by way of security, it placed its body in a vertical position, with its spinnerets extended outwards; and immediately we had the pleasure of seeing a thread streaming out from them several feet in length, on which the little aeronaut sprang up into the air. We were convinced, from what we thus observed, that it was the double or bend of the thread which was blown into the air; and we assigned as a reason for her previously attaching and drawing out a thread from the glass, the wish to give the wind a *point d'appui*—something upon which it might have a purchase, as a mechanic would say of a lever. The bend of the thread, then, on this view of the matter, would be carried out by the wind—would form the point of impulsion; and, of course, the escape bridge would be an ordinary line doubled.

"Such was our conclusion, which was strongly corroborated by what we subsequently found, said by M. Latreille—than whom no higher authority can be given. 'When the animal,' says he, 'desires to cross a brook, she fixes to a tree or some other object one of the ends of her first threads, in order that the wind or a current of air may carry the other end beyond the obstacle; and as one end is always attached to the spinnerets, he must mean that the double of the thread flies off.'

"In order to ascertain the fact, and put an end to all doubts, we watched with great care and minuteness the proceedings of the long-bodied spider above mentioned, by producing a stream of air in the same manner, as it perambulated

the brim of the glass. It immediately, as the other had done, attached a thread and raised its body perpendicularly, like a tumbler standing on his hands with his head downwards; but we looked in vain for this thread bending, as we had at first supposed, and going off double. Instead of this, it remained tight, while another thread, or what appeared to be so, streamed off from the spinners, sometimes in a line, sometimes at a considerable angle with the first, according to the current of the air,—the first thread, extended from the glass to the spinnerets, remaining all the while tight drawn in a right line. It further appeared to us, that the first thread proceeded from the pair of spinnerets nearest the head, while the floating thread came from the outer pair,—though it is possible in such minute objects we may have been deceived. That the first was continuous with the second, without any perceptible joining, we ascertained in numerous instances, by catching the floating line and pulling it tight, in which case the spider glides along without attaching another line to the glass; but if she have to coil up the floating line to tighten it, as usually happens, she gathers it into a packet and glues the two ends tight together. Her body, while the floating line streamed out, remained quite motionless, but we distinctly saw the spinnerets not only projected, as is always done when a spider spins, but moved in the same way as an infant moves its lips when sucking. We cannot doubt, therefore, that this motion is intended to emit (if *eject* or *project* be deemed too strong words) the liquid material of the thread; at the same time, we are quite certain that it cannot throw out a single inch of thread without the aid of a current of air. A long-bodied spider will thus throw out in succession as many threads as we please, by simply blowing towards it; but not one where there is no current, as under a bell-glass, where it may be kept till it die, without being able to construct a bridge over water of an inch long. We never observed more than one floating thread produced at the same time, though other observers mention several.

"The probable commencement, we think, of the floating line, is by the emission of little globules of the glutinous material to the points of the spinnerules—perhaps it may be dropped from them, if not ejected, and the globules being carried off by the current of air, drawn out into a thread. But we give this as only a conjecture, for we could not bring a glass of sufficient power to bear upon the spinnerules at the commencement of the floating line.

"In subsequent experiments we found, that it was not indispensable for the spider to rest upon a solid body when producing a line, as she can do so while she is suspended in the air by another line. When the current of air also is strong, she will sometimes commit herself to it by swinging from one end of the line. We have even remarked this when there was scarcely a breath of air." p. 348—353.

"We tried another experiment. We pressed pretty firmly upon the base of the spinnerets, so as not to injure the spider, blowing obliquely over them; but no floating line appeared. We then touched them with a pencil and drew out several lines an inch or two in length, upon which we blew in order to extend them, but in this also we were unsuccessful, as they did not lengthen more than a quarter of an inch. We next traced out the reservoirs of a garden-spider (*Epeira diadema*), and immediately taking a drop of the matter from one of them on the point of a fine needle, we directed upon it a strong current of air, and succeeded in blowing out a thick yellow line as we might have done with gum-water, of about an inch and a half long.

"When we observed our long-bodied spider eager to throw a line by raising up its body, we brought within three inches of its spinnerets an

excited stick of sealing-wax, of which it took no notice, nor did any thread extend to it, not even when brought almost to touch the spinners. We had the same want of success with an excited glass rod; and indeed we had not anticipated any other result, as we have never observed that these either attract or repel the floating threads, as Mr. Murray has seen them do; nor have we ever seen the end of a floating thread separated into its component threadlets and diverging like a brush, as he and Mr. Bowman describe." p. 353-4.

The following account of the construction of the nest of the Mason Spider is one of the most interesting and curious passages in the volume:

"A no less wonderful structure is composed by a sort of spiders, natives of the tropics and the South of Europe, which have been justly called mason-spiders by M. Latreille. One of these (*Mygale nidulans*, Walckn) found in the West Indies, 'digs a hole in the earth obliquely downwards, about three inches in length, and one in diameter. This cavity she lines with a tough thick web, which, when taken out, resembles a leathern purse; but what is most curious, this house has a door with hinges, like the operculum of some sea-shells, and herself and family, who tenant this nest, open and shut the door whenever they pass and repass. This history was told me,' says Darwin, 'and the nest, with its door, shewn me by the late Dr. Butt, of Bath, who was some years physician in Jamaica.'

"The nest of a mason-spider, similar to this, has been obligingly put into our hands by Mr. Riddle, of Blackheath. It came from the West Indies, and is probably that of Latreille's clay-kneader (*Mygale cratensis*), and one of the smallest of the genus. It is composed of very hard argillaceous clay, deeply tinged with brown oxide of iron. It is in form of a tube, about one inch in diameter, between six and seven inches long, and slightly bent towards the lower extremity—appearing to have been mined into the clay rather than built. The interior of the tube is lined with a uniform tapestry of silken web, of an orange-white colour, with a texture intermediate between Indian paper and very fine glove-leather. But the most wonderful part of this nest is its entrance, which we look upon as the perfection of insect architecture. A circular door, about the size of a crown piece, slightly concave on the outside and convex within, is formed of more than a dozen layers of the same web which lines the interior, closely laid upon one another, and shaped so that the inner layers are the broadest, the outer being gradually less in diameter, except towards the hinge, which is about an inch long; and in consequence of all the layers being united there, and prolonged into the tube, it becomes the thickest and strongest part of the structure. The elasticity of the materials, also, gives to this hinge the remarkable peculiarity of acting like a spring, and shutting the door of the nest spontaneously. It is, besides, made to fit so accurately to the aperture, which is composed of similar concentric layers of web, that it is almost impossible to distinguish the joining by the most careful inspection. To gratify curiosity, the door has been opened and shut hundreds of times, without in the least destroying the power of the spring. When the door is shut, it resembles some of the lichens (*Lecidea*), or the leathery fungi, such as *Polyporus versicolor*, (Micheli,) or, nearer still, the upper valve of a young oyster shell. The whole nest being of a blackish brown colour, it must be very difficult to discover.

"Another mason-spider (*Mygale camentaria*, Latr.) found in the south of France, usually selects for her nest a place bare of grass, sloping in such a manner as to carry off the water, and

of a firm soil, without rocks or small stones. She digs a gallery a foot or two in depth, and of a diameter (equal throughout) sufficient to admit of her easily passing. She lines this with a tapestry of silk, glued to the walls. The door, which is circular, is constructed of many layers of earth kneaded, and bound together with silk. Externally, it is flat and rough, corresponding to the earth around the entrance, for the purpose, no doubt, of concealment: on the inside it is convex, and tapestried thickly with a web of fine silk. The threads of this door-tapestry are prolonged, and strongly attached to the upper side of the entrance, forming an excellent hinge, which, when pushed open by the spider, shuts again by its own weight, without the aid of spring hinges. When the spider is at home, and her door forcibly opened by an intruder, she pulls it strongly inwards, and even when half-opened, often snatches it out of the hand; but when she is foiled in this, she retreats to the bottom of her den, as her last resource." p. 360—363.

We almost suspect our author of a disposition to be facetious in the following account of the procrastinating propensity of a certain grub. We should have imagined he rather had in his eye certain inhabitants of Grub Street:

"It appears indispensable to some grubs to be confined within a certain space, in order to construct their cocoons. We saw this well exemplified in the instance of a grub of one of the mason-bees (*Osmia bicornis*), which we took from its nest, and put into a box, with the pollen paste which the mother bee had provided for its subsistence. When it had completed its growth, it began to spin, but in a very awkward manner—attaching threads, as if at random, to the bits of pollen which remained undevoured, and afterwards tumbling about to another part of the box, as if dissatisfied with what it had done. It sometimes persevered to spin in one place till it had formed a little vaulted wall; but it abandoned at the least three or four of these in order to begin others, till at length, as if compelled by the extreme urgency of the stimulus of its approaching change, it completed a shell of shining brown silk, woven into a close texture. Had the grub remained within the narrow clay cell built for it by the mother bee, it would, in all probability, not have thus exhausted itself in vain efforts at building, which were likely to prevent it from ever arriving at the perfect state—a circumstance which often happens in the artificial breeding of insects." p. 326-27.

In conclusion, we have only to express the gratification we have derived from the perusal of this very entertaining and instructive little volume, and to congratulate ourselves and our readers on the intimation contained in the last page, that a further work on Entomology, by the same author, is in contemplation, and that the present volume is to be followed up by a second, to be entitled "Insect Transformations."

HISTORICAL PAINTING.

An Inquiry into the Causes of the Decline of Historical Painting, with the Means to be pursued for its Restoration. Addressed to the Teylerian Society of Haarlem, in Holland; and in Answer to a Question, by them recently published. By Douglas Guest, Historical Painter. 8vo. London, 1829. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE question proposed by the Teylerian Society, which gave rise to the essay of which the above is the title, was the following: QUESTION—What is the reason that the Dutch school of painting, even in the time of its greatest splendour, and also at this time, has produced so small a number of capital masters in the historic branch of painting,

whilst it has constantly excelled in whatever relates to simple nature and the customary scenes of life? And what are the means to be pursued for the formation of good history painters in this country? We should answer this question by pointing to the broad visages and tenfold inexpressibles of our really ancient allies, and should content ourselves with asking in return—is there anything heroic, anything poetical, in either of these? No! God has evidently blessed the Dutchman for his happiness with a pot-house soul, and a more elevated idea cannot be looked for from him. He can execute with patience, but he cannot conceive; he can copy what he sees before him, but he has too dull an imagination to create new or nobler forms than those which constantly surround him. The soil he treads is a drained swamp, lying beneath the ocean's level, and he has no wings capable of bearing him above the dyke which protects his lands from inundation. Mr. Guest, however, is of a different opinion: he treats as false the hypothesis that would "cramp the native energies of a people, by attributing that to physical causes which owes its exercise to opportunity and cultivation;" and the error he considers as proved "by the progress of science, literature, and the liberal arts, in countries which, at the period they were in the zenith of their perfection in Greece and Italy, were scarcely removed from absolute barbarism." Now, we confess that the state and circumstances of the progress alluded to by Mr. Guest, would have led us to the directly opposite conclusion to that at which he has arrived: but it is not at present our desire to quarrel or dispute with this gentleman; we have both the same end in view;—it is a laudable one, we hope and think, and in some very essential points we should agree. We shall be of accord, for instance, in holding that no branch of art, be it the highest or the lowest, can flourish, unless by miracle, without some degree of encouragement; that historical painting is desirable; that no country can pretend to a rank among nations in which the fine arts have been successfully cultivated, in which historical painting has not flourished, and consequently that historical painting ought to be encouraged. In all these points we shall agree, and most cordially also shall we go along with him in deprecating the taste which prefers the low to the high school of art,—the mere efforts of mechanical skill, to the productions of a creative mind. Now, whatever we may think of the physical capabilities of Dutchmen, our opinion with regard to our own country is, that we may look for successful attempts in the pursuit of historical art, although we fear that, were every aspirant to meet with the encouragement he craves, there would be much throwing of pearls to swine. Mr. Guest seems hardly to have given this sufficient consideration, in the views concerning the exercise of patronage which we find developed in the following passage, and which, although we may differ from some sentences in them, we must allow, contain many very just remarks:

"At this period nature and study have accomplished their task, future experience and practical exertion must achieve the rest. A long life, in the ordinary course of nature presents itself, sufficient to realize the most splendid anticipations of fame: all that depends on the individual has been performed, and the world with all its anxieties opens a new scene. The duty of encouragement now devolves on others, and difficulties of a new character are met at every step; capricious tastes, envy, and frequently the want of employment. It is now the advantages of a protecting power on the part of a government is of the greatest use, that the flowers of genius may display themselves, and the previous education not be diverted from its real purpose. The art must be pursued at ease, and the mind tranquil as to its worldly resources. For this purpose mo-

derate pensions should be bestowed on meritorious individuals, and works given them to execute commensurate with the great capabilities of the art. These should be directed with judgment; and quality, not multiplicity, should be the aim: a national gallery of native talent would then be formed, honorable to the country, and in every respect instructive and ornamental. Prizes for competition should at stated periods be given, and the greatest justice prevail: honorable distinctions should also be bestowed; they are the only reward an artist can attain, and the best impulse to generous minds. 'Honour,' says Cicero, 'rightly bestowed, nourishes the virtues and all the arts. It quickens to noble pursuits, and to an active exertion of our best powers and faculties. Whatever is not duly encouraged by praise and honour will be dead and dejected. If Fabius, for instance, had been honoured for the improvements he made in the art of painting, should we not, do you think, have seen in Rome many Polyctus's and Parrhasius's?' 'Tis the same with respect to all the virtues; all truly noble and honourable qualities and arts are exceedingly strengthened by honours wisely and impartially bestowed; it is virtue's best recompense—nay, the love and desire of it is itself a virtue; far from being a low and mercenary passion, it burns strongest in the most virtuous bosom. It cannot reside but where the love of mankind is ardent and vigorous. Indeed, to have no concern about reputation, one must not only be arrogant but dissolute. The sense of shame and the love of glory, are the best handles that civil policy can employ in the government of mankind.'

"The advantages of a public foundation, supported by the government, for these purposes must be evident; for, without them, I do not know a more precarious pursuit than that of painting; and, as a parent, unless I could give a sufficient independence to a child so destined, I should contemplate for him a life of disappointment and sorrow. It unfits the mind for all vulgar feelings, and, by the very direction that has been given to it, abstracts it from the ordinary business of life: and if left to work its own way (maintaining the purity of its objects) into the good graces of popular favour, against the stream of fashion, prejudice, and corrupted tastes; it is almost hopeless and very rarely accomplished. Private individuals generally direct the taste of the artist to their own objects; and he at once becomes the dependent on the capricious fancies of others. Personal vanity must also have its share, and this creates herds of portrait-painters: until all the finer sensibilities are absorbed and the art reduced to a trade. The folly of the times is sufficiently exemplified in the enormous prices demanded and given in this pursuit. Another great obstacle is the rage for collecting old pictures, good or bad, to the disadvantage of rising talent; depreciating every exertion and work of a living artist: and this is mainly attributable to the hordes of picture-dealers, who, trading and imposing on the credulity of the public, cry down every modern attempt, by endeavouring to show it is impossible to equal the excellencies of the old masters. Thus keeping these up at the most extravagant prices; patching, copying, and mending frequently the vilest trash. And it is inconceivable how well-educated gentlemen can listen to the opinions of individuals, or allow their judgments to be directed on subjects of taste, where, by the slightest examination, they could discover the complete emptiness of the mind. This picture-dealing has been found a most lucrative trade, and made the fortunes of many an empiric. Not that I would be understood to undervalue what is really fine, for the genuine works of the great masters I hold in the highest esteem, as the best examples for study, and are of the greatest value. But it is the direction given by interested individuals; by men uneducated in any one principle of art to

public taste; comprising all their knowledge in the handicraft of a few known names, and destroying the best paintings by their ignorance in cleaning and repairing them. If the collectors would be convinced, that artists alone are capable of judging how far this operation ought to be carried, from the very nature of their studies; or if they had been, how many admirable pictures now destroyed would still continue to grace their collections. But it is an unfortunate penalty attending this profession, that the generality pretend to know more than those who have made it the business of their lives. In other professions, the various departments are kept sacred to the professors: it would be considered an absurdity to see a man intruding himself into any part of their practice, and would be repelled with indignation and contempt. But whilst the only openings in the profession are distributed, and the art itself insulted, by such appointments being given out of it, through the influence of private interest, little good can be augured from its future progress or character. And in regard to public institutions, in what estimation should we consider the arts of a country, if we were to see at the head of a national museum, or gallery of ancient art, a mere cleaner and dealer in pictures? Should we not exclaim, are there no men of science to fill such situations—to give a grace and character to the genius of the people;—none educated in the higher walks, whose powers are known, and whose capabilities have been shown to be equal? Under such a system, the art must be content to play a second fiddle; it has no virtue in its principle, and its products must be heterogeneous and absurd." p. 36—41.

Mr. Guest's style betrays many negligencies, but his discourse deserves to be read; to say the least of it, it is calculated to provoke reflections which can hardly fail to produce beneficial consequences.

ANCIENT ASIA.

Two Essays on the Geography of Ancient Asia; intended partly to illustrate the Campaigns of Alexander, and the Anabasis of Xenophon. By the Rev. John Williams, Vicar of Lampeter, and Rector of the Edinburgh Academy. 8vo. London, 1829. Murray.

THIS learned work has lain on our table for some weeks, until the very sight of it is a reproach to us. Yet a review of it is not within the province of a weekly journal, since, to execute that task adequately would require as much learning and research as would be necessary for the composition of the book itself. We must therefore confine ourselves, at last, to the duty of announcing its existence, and stating that the first essay, which is the only one we have yet read, is occupied with an attempt to assign the site of the ancient Ecbatana, which Mr. Williams maintains to be the present Ispahan. The reasonings and calculations of marches and routes, on which the author of the "Life of Alexander" principally founds his opinions, show great acuteness and patient research. The probabilities in favour of his hypothesis, which the history and circumstances of the existing city present, are summed up as follows:

"The first authentic information, after the days of Ammianus Marcellinus, is derived from the Arab historians, who write that the great city of Ispahan was captured by their countrymen in A.D. 641. No change in the Persian dynasty had taken place between the invasion of Julian and the Arab conquest, nor had foreign enemies devastated Media. The great city Ecbatana must therefore have still existed. Nor is it wonderful if the word which the Greeks had written Ecbatan should by the Arabs be written Ispahan. When the Byzantine writers heard the Arab name, they wrote it Ispachan.

"Ebn Haukal, in the tenth century, wrote thus:—'Ispahan, is the most flourishing of all the cities in Cohestan, and possesses more riches than all the other places.'

"Benjamin of Tudela, in the twelfth, visited it,—'the metropolis of Media, an immense city, twelve miles in circuit.'

"In the fourteenth century it was taken by Timour, and seventy thousand heads of male adults of the Shilite sect were constructed into piles.

"From these authorities, it is clear, that the Arabs found Ispahan a city of the first importance; that it continued such for centuries under their dominion, long before the reign of the great Abbas, who is supposed by the modern Persians to have first brought the great river into the plain, and thus have enabled the city to become of importance.

"The Persian geographers attribute its foundation to Taimurz, supposed to have lived nine hundred years before Christ, and believe a considerable portion of the captive Jews, to have been settled there by Nebuchadnezzar.

"Mirkond writes, that there was a tradition that the ancient kings of Persia spent the summer at Ispahan. The climate is delightful, according to Chardin, who lived there for eleven years. The air, in the middle of summer, is cooled by the mountain-breezes from the south and east, and at no period are the natives oppressed by the heat.

"The plain is one of the most fertile in the world, and not only supplies the wants of the capital, but exports large quantities of grain and fruits to other countries.

"We may expect future travellers to examine whether any remains of the fortress of Dejeos be still visible, and to give a more minute account of the great work of Semiramis, and her monuments among the mountains."

Stories of Popular Voyages and Travels; with Illustrations. Travels in Turkey. Royal 18mo. London, 1830. Hurst and Chance.

WHEN we cast a glance over our own pages from the commencement of *The Athenæum*, and perceive how considerable a proportion of them has been devoted to books relating to Turkey,—called forth, no doubt, by the recent interesting situation in which that empire stood with relation to Europe,—we cannot but feel that a portable volume like the one before us, was much wanted to embody a readable sketch of the multifarious topics contained in those voluminous productions, which would require the most voracious reader many months to peruse. Readers who have time at command will undoubtedly prefer the original works of Walsh, Macfarlane, Madden, Frankland, Andreossy, and other recent travellers; but a much more numerous class will be better pleased with the extracts and abridgments of these in this pretty volume, which is embellished with two well-executed engravings and a neat map. Besides the "Stories of Travels," taken chiefly from the authors whom we have above named, there is a short outline of the history of Turkey, by way of introduction, which may be found useful to refer to for dates of battles and other national events.

The whole seems very respectably and accurately executed, and the selections are made with considerable taste. The author's own style, however, is occasionally laboured and inflated. The unfixed orthography of Oriental names, always annoying, is in some instances in this volume aggravated by the changes occurring within a few pages; "Bosra," for example, page 1, and "Bussourah," page 6.

THE DREAM.

As a folded flower she stilly sleeps—
You might deem them dreamless slumbers,—
But a low wild sound her breathing keeps
Like a night-wind's broken numbers.
And o'er her face is a fitful chase
Of hurrying lights and shadows;
Like the printless zephyr's noon-day race
On the slope of sunny meadows.

And one bright tear there rests between
Her dark and silken lashes;
It hath a dew star's tremulous sheen,
Or wave-bubble's moonlit flashes:
The warm night air's astir in her hair,
Like the tide in the long sea-weed
When its last faint ebb is pausing there
On the pale blossom's kiss to feed.

The rose will dream of the nightingale
When he sings in woods far away;
And the lark will dream in the twilight pale
He is springing to welcome the day:
But what may ye deem the lady's dream?
And what busy spirit ranges
Through the shades that fall, the lights that gleam
O'er her slumber's countless changes?

Is it a shadowy rainbow-form
Such as dwell in the torrent's shroud:
Or bright shape left by a summer-storm
On a roscate western cloud:
A masque of delight, 'tween dawn and night,
On the floor of unrisen dew;
Or pageant fair of the morning-light
On the Alp-snow's kindling hue?

Is it a radiant youth descending
In a sapphire beaming car;
With looks of love o'er a mortal bending
From his throne in the morning star:
Or one that doth bring from the fairy king
That love-roving sprite Oberon,
Some dainty thing from an elfin ring,
Or a mirror of clear moonstone?

Whether a radiant form of light,
Whether a gliding-pageant show
Of the morning air, or elfin sprite
Came to her sleep, ye may not know.
To one alone shall be ever known
What shapes of light were in the gleam,
And what were the shades and the low wild tone,
And the trembling tear of the lady's dream.

ON THE SCOTCH SPIRIT.

EVER since the beginning of the late reign there has been a cry prevailing, with different degrees of strength, against the preponderance of Scotch influence, in our army, our navy, our East India possessions, and our ministerial councils. Various causes prevent Englishmen, at the present moment, from giving as much vent to their feelings on this subject as they did formerly: in the first place, our ancestors had national prejudices, and therefore those who read the Useful Knowledge tracts ought not to have them, or at least show that they have them; secondly, the power of the Scotch, and our increased knowledge of their ferocity when attacked, has increased our caution in abusing them; and lastly, which we believe is the main cause, we have abandoned the only ground from which it was possible to assail them without being beaten,—our own native character. With all this, the hatred which we bear them is little less than it was in the days past; we dislike the nation rather less, but the individuals which compose it, much more; we are not so active to denounce the national spirit of jobbing, but each of us knows of some little job in our own private circle, of which we are fond of saying instinctively, "Look at the dirty print of a Caledonian thumb." Lord Melville is a less awful abstrac-

tion than Lord Bute was, but though we contemplate him more in the character of himself personally, we only remember that he is the son of a man who for peculation was subjected to an impeachment from the House of Commons, and to a statue from the people of Edinburgh; but he comes livingly embodied to our imagination in the haggard face of some Trafalgar lieutenant, or in the squint of some beardless post-captain, looking imploringly up to his cheekbones for protection against the smiles of the sailors.

Whether or not this change in our disposition towards this great country is desirable for themselves and us; whether or not it would be better to open the sluices of our indignation against Scotland, if by so doing we could prevent it from taking such a rankling form against Scotchmen, we shall not stop to inquire, because we wish to enter upon a more difficult observation and more important question. How the Scotch spirit, which we are told has been creeping through a long course of years into every department of the state, may be exorcised, is an inquiry which we leave to politicians. But as history furnishes us with no instance of a particular class of feelings gaining ascendancy in the government of a country, which are not at the same time, under some different modification, affecting the habits, the literature, and the philosophy of that country; as we have plentiful proofs (the effect produced upon the Roman character under the early emperors by the eminent Greeks, who were nevertheless objects of general dislike, being not the least notable) that no degree of jealousy against the persons in whom these feelings are supposed to be most manifested, will hinder this influence from being felt, and as all the *primæ facie* evidence would rather lead us to suppose that our own case is more a striking exemplification of this rule than the first deviation from it; we shall not perhaps be wasting our readers' time,—certainly we shall not be entering upon a subject which it falls without the professed purpose of our journal to discuss,—if we endeavour in this paper to find some indications respecting the Scotch spirit by which we may be able to trace where it exists in our literature, our science, or our religion, what progress it has already made, whether it deserves to be encouraged, and if not, by what means it may be extirpated.

We shall give no arbitrary or preconceived definition of this SCOTCH SPIRIT. The estimate of its quality which has been adopted universally in this country after an experience of seventy years, may be questioned by those who have an interest in questioning it: but before they induce us to pronounce it fallacious, they must show that it is not more accurate than any which we could arrive at by other means; more accurate than any arrived at by themselves, for instance;—or they must show why they who think the public ought to be given year a nostrum, a safe-guide in morals and philosophy, shall reject the opinion of a whole reign in a nation, and reduce to mere worldly experience, and therefore accessible by all men;—they must show that the arguments by which they would prove it erroneous do actually relate to the subject concerning which the inquiry is, and not to some other; for if it is not answering a charge brought against Scotchmen, as men of the world, to say—"See here is a philosopher who manifested a different disposition;" the qualities to be looked for in the thinking men of a nation being not the same as those found in the working men, though, as we shall presently prove, there will be relatively to their different pursuits a striking correspondence between them. But though in consistency they ought, we will not trust the common consent even of seventy years in such a case absolutely; but only when we are sure that it is not through spleen or ignorance, confounding the excesses or outgrowths of national quali-

ties in individuals with the qualities themselves. Nor is the observance of this rule difficult; since, a number of characteristics being given as applicable to an individual or nation, a little diligence will generally guide us to one, and only one, which will account for the existence of the rest, and which therefore must be primary, and the rest accidental. Various dispositions are predicated by Scotchmen, but the primary one is evidently that which is briefly and emphatically denoted by the word SELF-SEEKING.

A Scotchman is always trying to find himself in something outward, and till he has got the thing he is in search of, he is nothing, and all other things are indifferent to him. The other evil vulgarly objected to him, that he is grasping and extortionate, is careless of others' feelings, careless even of his own, is mean, cunning, and if irritated by opposition, truculent, is tenacious of alliances, impatient of friendships, holds patriotism cheap, and benevolence ridiculous; all these, it is evident upon a moment's consideration, though they may spring naturally out of that which constitutes not his character but the Scotch part of his character, where it is not covered by other human qualities, kept under by his judgment, or extinguished by religion, do not in fact belong even necessarily to that Scotch part; far less combine frequently, or perhaps even in any individual of the nation.

The Scotch spirit then, as it appears in working men, is *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, a self-seeking spirit. It is the quintessence of the worldly spirit. The question then we have to consider is, how will this affect the unworking part, the thinkers of Scotland? since, if it belong to the national character, whether originally or only to the national character of this age, it must make its appearance in them; but in what shape and to what degree? In answering this question we may commit two mistakes, directly opposite yet referable to the same class of fallacies. We may either suppose that the philosophers will be, in the ordinary sense, worldly, hungry and thirsting after the same things as the practical men, and with the same appetite; or we may suppose that, carrying into the regions of speculation the businesslike habit which belongs to them in the region of action, they will pursue truth with an eagerness to which there is no parallel, even as there is none to the devotedness wherewith their countrymen hunt after riches and honours. The first is the inference into which Scotchmen seek to drive us, that thus by disproving the charge against their philosophers, they may make a *reductio ad absurdum* of our arguments respecting their nation generally. The second is one which they themselves draw, and each equally is a *μεταβασις εἰς ἄλλο γένος*. To suppose that a man who has chosen a life of meditation in preference to a life of action, (and every one who has distinguished himself enough to be worth introducing into the question, has adopted, or at any rate continues such a life from choice,) will, except he be a perfect anomaly, exhibit a self-seeking disposition by coveting above all things the blessings of that state which he has rejected, is monstrous. And yet to say that a man of meditation is never a self-seeker, is such an outrage upon reason and fact as no one will dare to commit. But more flagrantly absurd than either of these is the other notion we have alluded to, that the desires of victuals and of truth are only the same desire differently directed; that the dispositions fitted for the pursuit of both are exactly similar; that a man who has spent all his life in eating, drinking, and sweating, with a view to outjockey the other candidates for the world's stakes, would have been in admirable training to run so that

+ How strikingly the constant use of this fallacy by dry Scotchmen and what are called shrewd hard-headed men, proves that persons without imagination are much imposed upon by metaphysical language.

he might obtain the kingdom of Heaven if his thoughts had happened to take that turn.

The man who does not know from his own experience the insanity of such a doctrine, is not worth spending an argument upon. Since then it is neither as pursuing the same ends as men of the world that philosophers will display the self-seeking spirit of their nation, nor yet in pursuing their own end with extraordinary diligence, we must exercise a little common sense in ascertaining wherein it will appear. And this common sense will conduct us to a conclusion that the same people who, in all their proceedings in the world, are content with nothing but what is outward and tangible, will, in their philosophical proceedings, be more abstract and less realizing than any other.

By a little legerdemain with the word "real," it is easy to make this position look like a paradox, or at any rate to give unthinking people the notion that there can be no possible connexion between a particular love of what is real in one pursuit and a particular hatred of it in another. But if we merely substitute the word "objective" for "real," which, it will be admitted, is at least as appropriate a word; and if we think with ourselves for a moment whence the wish to gain a worldly object proceeds, we shall not be injured by this fraud. What is the feeling in our minds which prompts an intense coveting of some object?—Is it not one of discontent, dissatisfaction, emptiness; as if there was nothing within, around, above, beneath, except just that; as if we were nothing till we grasped it; as if we ourselves were in it; and, as we just said, as if we were self-seeking? Suppose then a mind, with this restless craving after some object of sight, shall come into a region where either there are no objects, or none but those of faith, what will inevitably happen? What does happen to us in sleep when we have been diligently pursuing any object in the day time? Our thoughts do not keep their places in our minds; they do not remain substances, realities; but they take the form of the object and throw themselves out in dreams. And this we assert has happened to the Scotch philosophers, that they are more literally hunters of their own shadows than were ever men in any age or country—always in their closets looking for reflections and images of themselves upon some external thing, without ever arriving at self-consciousness; from precisely the same habit of mind which impels them in the world to be always running after the external thing itself without being able to feel any sense of their own worth till they attain it.

We have now accomplished the great point, that of acquiring some notion of what the Scotch spirit is, and what it becomes when employed in speculation. The remainder of our task is easier but less agreeable: to show what effects it will produce in different departments of speculation, and that it is actually producing these effects in England at this moment.

We have anticipated nearly all we have to say on the subject of philosophy proper, or metaphysics. To illustrate our assertion, that there is no sense of reality in the mind of a Scotchman in relation to anything that passes within him, we would, if we had time, draw a parallel between the two most opposite men in disposition and doctrine, and the most remote from each other in genius, to be found in the biography of any country—Hume and Beattie; and we think we should be able to show that the universal scepticism of the one, and the easy belief of the other, rest upon the same moral foundation, the difference being produced merely by the individual temperaments of the men. There was no reality in the mind of either. What am I? where do I come from? whither am I going? are questions in which neither felt there was any actual interest; but Hume was a logician, and saw no

reason why he should not disbelieve everything where he could; Beattie was a feeble person, and saw no reason why he should disbelieve anything, as it might be very true, for all he knew to the contrary. Yet surely, if just for one little moment, the thought had roused either of these men's minds—Who is it that is doubting everything? Who is it that is so implicitly crediting everything? The simple answers to these questions, "I," might have awakened traces of anxious, earnest thought, which would have made it as impossible for the one to remain entrenched within the fastness of universal denial, as for the other to slumber any longer on the pillow of unquestioning positiveness. But the *I* was lost, was always a mere object, a ME which Hume pursued about the country in seven-league boots, well knowing that he would never come up with it; while Beattie felt perfectly confident that it was at home and asleep in the cradle of common sense, and that if a little pap were duly administered to it every morning and evening, there might sleep on comfortably for ever. "Reid and Stewart, however, made such extraordinary changes in Scotch philosophy!" We dare say they did; but did they eradicate this national vice from their own, without which all philosophy is unmeaning? Were they truth-seekers or self-seekers? Were they busied about substances or shadows; or did they call substance shadow, and shadow substance, persuading themselves that the base must be built upon the superstructure, because the latter was visible and the former out of sight?

But it is a far more important question—Is this the case with ourselves?—and one which, we fear, our consciences cannot answer very satisfactorily. To us it seems (we may be mistaken,) that this Scotch spirit of unreality infects our feelings about subjects connected with human nature more than it did those of our fathers in any previous generation. We do not speak of the age of the Reformation, when all feelings are so fresh, and living, and true. We would try ourselves by a much truer standard, by the contemporaries of Locke and of Berkeley; and we fear that we cannot abide even this comparison. Any one who reads Locke's Essay with proper feelings, while perhaps he may condemn the author for bringing down truths to the level of his own experience, and still more, for breaking down the barrier of language without assigning any reason, will yet not fail to be delighted with his manly honesty in saying, "I just know so far as this, and more I will not pretend to know." Alas! we fear that purity has departed from us. Locke might have been better if he had wished to know more, as perhaps he did, though he does not tell us so. But we are content to know nothing. We talk about all philosophies under the sun; but what pains do we take in questioning ourselves whether we have realized one truth in our own minds, which is deposited to us by the feeblest and weakest of them. Oh! what idleness, what vanity, it is in men to discuss the question whether Mr. Mill's book on the mind is better than Dugald Stewart's book on the mind, or that than M. Cousin's book on the mind, or that than Fichte's book on the mind, while never thinking for one moment what the mind is, and what it has to do with ourselves! This is Scotch influence, and let us eradicate it from our hearts, before we trouble ourselves with the question, how many Scotchmen there are in the Court of Directors.

What will be the effect of the self-seeking spirit of the Scotch nation upon their general literature? Our answer is, it will convert all literature into criticism. Literature is a very favourite word with us now. We owe it to the Scotch; our fathers used to say *letters*. The alteration is very significant. As long as we continue to be real beings, to have ourselves within us, and as long as we feel that other

beings have selves within them, we want a medium for communicating with them. That medium is *letters*; they are the ciphers through which a constant intercourse is kept up between the species and individual, each one of them as the historical cipher, the poetical cipher, the biographical cipher, and so on, teaching us some relation which subsists between human nature and the separate beings in whom human nature dwells. This is the meaning of letters; this our fathers knew to be the meaning; and upon this principle every restorer of letters felt himself to be a greater Cadmus. But the moment we become self-seekers, that moment the necessity and use for this communication ceases; we want no communication with our fellows, for who are we? But can we find no amusement in these ciphers, nor become ciphers literally? Certainly; for no one will deny that M. Champollion and Dr. Young found an amusement in their occupation. We may spell them over; we may talk about them; we may invent theories for putting them together; we may make out rules from old inscriptions, how the old people combined them; and we may sit in judgment upon all who pretend to use the letters, and do not follow the rules now. It will be admitted almost without hesitation, that, at the present day in Scotland, this disposition to sink literature in criticism is evident to a great extent; it will be admitted, upon a little more thought, that it existed, though not so openly, in the writers of the last age, Robertson and Hume being, to all intents and purposes, critics upon history and not historians; and lastly, we speak trembling, we are convinced our readers will agree with us in thinking even the works which we must beg to exempt from this judgment,—Scott's novels, and Dr. Chalmers' sermons,—to be, the one, criticisms upon the manners of our ancestors, and the other, criticisms upon religion, and upon men's feelings with respect to it. But admitting this, it will be asked, is not this tendency as observable in Germany as in Scotland? We answer, not the same tendency, but so PRECISELY the opposite tendency, that to us who stand, or should stand between both, it might, if German influence were as strong in our literature as the influence of Scotland is, produce effects of the same kind. What we mean is this—the Scotch spirit is entirely objective, the German spirit is entirely subjective; the one is wholly busy in looking out for itself, the other in looking in for itself. Now, if our readers will turn back to what we said just now, they will find that we mentioned two conditions, either of which being wanting, the meaning and use of letters as such ceases; the one that we should have ourselves within us, the other, that we should recognize other beings as having selves within them. Now, the first of these conditions is absent in the self-seeking Scotsman, the second in the self-satisfied German; consequently, in both cases the same effect will follow. Letters will merge in criticism, though the purposes of the criticism will be totally different; Schlegel's Lectures on the Drama, corresponding to the "Edinburgh Review," and Goethe to Scott,—the former of these two great men standing, perhaps, nearly in the relation to Shakespeare which the latter does to Fielding.

Can we then plead Not guilty, to the charge of having suffered Scotch influence to vitiate our literature in this respect? Does not the *we* fight against the *I* in every department of English writing? and is not the resistance of the latter becoming every day fainter? Can we deny that we have become NOTHING, if not critical? What are our novels but criticisms on manners; our sermons, the cleverest of them, but criticisms on morals? our Constitutional Histories of England but criticisms? our books on legislation but criticisms? our speeches in the

House of Commons but criticisms? our poetry—but the less we say of that the better.

It would have been an important part of the subject to notice the effect which the Scotch spirit has produced upon style, in destroying its substance and reality. But this point has been so amply and satisfactorily discussed in the "Guesses at Truth," that we should be ashamed to say a word upon it. Those of our readers who have read that admirable work, would consider our remarks feeble repetitions; and those who have not, will be much more grateful to us for referring them to it than for almost any other service we could do them.

The most important question of all—what has been the effect of the Scotch spirit upon religion?—remains to be discussed. But we own that we have not courage at present to enter upon that difficult point.

RELIGIOUS HEROISM.

[From the German of Zimmerman.]

"Go, Lictor, lead the bishop forth,
Let all the assembly stay,
For he must openly abjure
His Christian faith to-day."

The Prætor spake: the Lictor went,
And Polycarp appear'd;
And totter'd, leaning on his staff,
To where the pile was rear'd.

His silver hair, his look benign,
Which spake his heavenly lot,
Moved e'en to tears both youth and age,
Yet moved the Prætor not.

The Heathen spake: "Renounce aloud
Thy Christian heresy!"
"Hope all things else," the old man cried,
"Yet hope not *this* from me!"

"But if thy stubborn heart refuse
The Saviour to deny,
Thy age shall not avert my wrath,
Thy doom shall be—to die!"

"Think not, O Judge, with menaces
To shake my faith in God;
If in His righteous cause I die,
I gladly 'kiss the rod.'"

"Blind wretch! doth not the funeral pile
Thy vaunting faith appal?"
"No funeral pile my heart alarms,
If God and duty call!"

"Then expiate thy insolence;
There perish in the fire;
Go, Lictor, drag him instantly
Forth to the funeral pyre!"

The Lictor dragg'd him instantly
Forth to the pyre: with bands
He bound him to the martyr-stake,
He smote him with his hands.

"Abjure thy God," the Prætor said,
"And thou shalt yet be free:"
"No," cried the hero, rather let
Death be my destiny!"

The Prætor bowed; the Lictor laid
With haste the torches nigh:
Forth from the faggots burst the flames,
And glared athwart the sky!

The patient champion at the stake,
With flames engirdled, stood;
Calm—patient—look'd he heavenwards,
And seal'd his faith with blood.

D. H. L.

ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.

[From the Mémoires of M. de Bourrienne, Vol. V.]

THE INTEREST FELT BY NAPOLEON IN THE PROGRESS OF THE USEFUL ARTS IN FRANCE—PARIS DURING THE PEACE OF AMIENS.

DURING the days of festival and compliment at the end of the year X., that is to say, towards the commencement of the autumn of 1802; and in pursuance of orders given by the First Consul, to M. Chaptal, the minister of the interior, there was an exhibition of French manufactures at the Louvre. Napoleon went to inspect the display of articles, and as even at that early period everything was referred in some way or other to him, he seemed proud of the high degree of perfection which the useful arts had attained in France. The admiration which the exhibition at the Louvre excited in the foreigners, who, since the conclusion of the treaty of peace, had flocked in great numbers to Paris, was above all gratifying to him.

During the year 1802, in fact, the French capital presented a spectacle of a description quite novel to the new generation. A taste for luxury and pleasure had insinuated itself into general manners, which were no longer republican, and the great number of Russians and English, who were seen driving about in brilliant equipages, contributed not a little to this alteration. The whole population of Paris thronged to the Caroussel on days of review, and were gratified with the contemplation of the spectacle, to them so unusual, of rich foreign liveries, and carriages with armorial emblazements. In the interior of the Tuileries the audiences were numerous attended and splendid, and only wanted the name of *Levees*. M. de Markow, who had taken the place of M. de Kalitschiff, as ambassador from Russia; the Marquis of Luchessini, the Prussian minister; and Lord Whitworth, the representative of the King of Great Britain, made numerous presentations to the First Consul, who was well pleased that the court, which he had in view to form, should have before their eyes models of foreign courtiers. Never, since the period of the assembling of the States General, had the theatres been so much frequented, parties in private so numerous or so well attended; never since that epoch had Paris appeared with so flourishing an aspect. The First Consul, on his part, neglected no means of doing adequately the honours of his capital, and of rendering it more and more worthy of the admiration of travellers. The Venus of the Medici, brought away from the gallery of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany, was the greatest attraction at the gallery of the Louvre; and not far from the statue was placed the Velletri Pallas, a more lawful acquisition, since it was the fruit of excavations made by the French engineers themselves. The very atmosphere breathed an odour of prosperity, on which Bonaparte very justly prided himself. Nor was it without satisfaction that he cast his eyes on what is called the great thermometer of public opinion, the state of the funds. He had seen them more than double on the occasion of the 18th Brumaire, when they rose from 7 to 16; but this value had itself become trebled since the vote which made him Consul for life, and the *Sénatus Consulte* of the 4th August, and they had risen to 52 francs.

NAPOLEON EVER HOSTILE TO LIBERTY—HIS VIEWS OF A DOMINANT RELIGION—M. DE LA FAYETTE.

The First Consul, enemy as he was of the very idea of liberty, had not for a long time past been on good terms with M. de la Fayette, who was so fully imbued with the notions of freedom. Even the manner in which the latter had returned to France, had excited Napoleon's highest displeasure. M. de la Fayette, in fact, believing, or affecting to believe, France free, had come to Paris without a passport. "I quitted my country," he said, "when Liberty crossed her

frontiers: with her I return, for returned she is at last, and has Napoleon for her principal minister." Yet Napoleon considered it very wrong, that the apostle of American liberty should have re-entered France unprovided with a passport.

It was not on the subject of the consular government, on the United States only, on the two years' duration of the Presidency, and the new liberty of consular France, that M. de la Fayette had evinced a difference of views with the First Consul; he disapproved the Concordat; he would have desired that Bonaparte, leaving equal liberty to every form of worship, had placed all parties as they are placed in the United States, independent of support from the government; and that it should have been left to the members of every religion and sect, be it what it might, to have provided for what was required for their particular worship and its ministers. I remember that Bonaparte said, on this subject, "La Fayette may be right in theory; but what is a theory?—an absurdity, when it comes to be applied to man taken in a mass; and, besides, he thinks himself still in America!—as if the French were Americans! He would teach me, perhaps, what is good for this country! The Catholic religion is dominant here—and besides, I have need of the Pope, he will do what I wish. Do you know that La Fayette made use of a droll expression to me?" added the First Consul, smiling. "He said I was desirous of having the little phial † broke over my head. We shall see, we shall see."

THE FIRST CONSUL'S HAUTEUR WITH HIS FRIENDS—HIS WILES—MARSHAL LANNES.

Bonaparte had ceased to address Lannes in the second person singular; but that General continued to use the same familiar mode of discourse as formerly, in speaking to Napoleon. It is hardly possible to conceive how much this perseverance in familiarity, in one of his most valiant brothers in arms, excited the bile of Napoleon. He had already given a striking proof how much he stood in awe of the candour of his ancient comrade. Well knowing the unceremonious frankness of Lannes, and that his high spirit of daring would actuate him as much in the city as in the field of battle, Bonaparte, on the great occasion of the 18th Brumaire, fearing his reproaches, had given him the command of Paris, in order to be assured of his absence from St. Cloud. Since that time, and notwithstanding the continually growing greatness of the First Consul, and which, as it increased, became every day more exacting of deference, Lannes had so thoroughly preserved his freedom of speech, that he had become the only one who dared treat Bonaparte as a fellow-soldier, and tell him the truth without ceremony. This was enough to make Napoleon determine to rid himself of the presence of Lannes. But under what pretext was the absence of the conqueror of Montebello to be procured? It was necessary to create an excuse; and in the truly diabolical machination resorted to for this purpose, Bonaparte brought into play that wily disposition with which he was so superabundantly provided.

Lannes was by nature thoughtless of the morrow; lavish of his money as of his blood, he distributed it prodigally to his officers and soldiers, who loved him as if they were his children: thus his fortune consisted of debts due to him. When he had need of money, and this was not seldom, he used to come in all simplicity to the Tuileries, and ask it of the First Consul, who, I must confess, never refused him. Although well acquainted with the situation of the General, Bonaparte said to him one day, "My friend, you should attend to appearances, and be suitably housed; to have your establishment on a footing worthy of

† Of oil miraculously consecrated.

your rank: there is the hôtel de Noailles, why don't you take it, and furnish it with proper magnificence?" Lannes, whose own candour was such, that he never suspected in others any other than the apparent meaning of their words, followed the advice of the First Consul. The hôtel de Noailles was taken, and superbly fitted up. Odior furnished a service of plate, valued at two hundred thousand francs.

General Lannes, after having thus conformed to the wishes of Bonaparte, came to him and requested four hundred thousand francs,—the amount of the expense incurred in a manner by his order. "But," says the First Consul, "I have no money."—"You have no money! what the devil am I to do then?"—"But is there none in the guards' chest? Take what you require: we will arrange that."

Mistrusting nothing, Lannes went to find the guards' treasurer, who made some objections at first to the advance required, but who soon yielded, on learning that the demand was made with the consent of the First Consul.

Twenty-four hours had not passed after Lannes had received the four hundred thousand francs, when the treasurer, received, from the chief administrator of the chest of the guards, an order to balance his account of the funds in hand. The voucher for the four hundred francs advanced to Lannes was not allowed. In vain the treasurer alleged the authority of the First Consul for the transaction. Napoleon's memory had suddenly failed him; he had entirely forgotten all that had passed. In a word, it was incumbent on Lannes to restore the 400,000 francs to the guards' chest; and, as I have already said, Lannes had no property on earth but the debts that were due to him. He repaired to General Lefebvre, who loved him as his pupil, and to whom he related all that had passed. "Simpleton!" said Lefebvre, "why did not you come to me? Why did you go and get in debt with that —? Hold, here are the four hundred thousand francs for you: take them to him; and let him go to —!"

Lannes hastened in a fury to the First Consul. "What!" he apostrophised him; "is it possible you can be guilty of such a baseness as this? to treat me in such a manner! to lay such a foul snare for me, after all that I have done for you; after all the blood that I have lavishly shed to promote your ambition! Is this the recompense you have in store for me? You forget, then, the 13th Vendémiaire, to the success of which I contributed more than you. You forget the Milesimo. I was colonel before you! It was to serve you that I again became a soldier: I should have been left a simple grenadier! For whom did I fight at Bassano? You were witness to what I did at Lodi, at Governolo, where I was wounded; and yet you put such a trick as this upon me! But for me, Paris would have revolted on the 18th Brumaire. But for me, you would have lost the battle of Marengo. I alone—yes, I alone, passed the Po at Montebello with my whole division: you gave the credit of this to Berthier, who was not there, and made my sufferings the purchase-money for that humiliation. This cannot, this shall not be. I must —" Bonaparte, pale with anger, listened without stirring; and Lannes was on the point of challenging him to a duel, when Junot, who heard the uproar, hastily entered. The unexpected presence of this General re-assured a little the First Consul; and at the same time calmed somewhat the fury of Lannes. "Well," said Bonaparte, "go ambassador to Lisbon; you will there save money; and when you return, you will have no need for any one to pay your debts." Thus was Bonaparte's object gained. Lannes set out for Lisbon: he no longer annoyed the First Consul by his familiarities; and, on his return, never again addressed him with thee and thou.

SONNET.

A MOONRISE FROM BEHIND THE DENT DE JAMAN,
AS SEEN AT VEVAY, SWITZERLAND.

O'er the dark cliffs soft radiance streams on high;
Such from its molten throat by fits respire
Some far volcano, whose imprisoned fires
Scarce tint with faint effulgence the soft sky.
Now redder flashes gush o'er yon black bounds,
As though new-kindled were those magic pyres,
Where goblins gather in unhallowed choirs,
To chaunt wild spells or dance fantastic rounds.
Now the great queen, with glorious orb complete,
Appears, yet pauses on the mighty steep—
Pauses as loath to leave a throne so meet,
Or as a summoned soul forbid to keep
Its flesh, hangs o'er it for one moment sweet,
Then floats away into th' eternal deep.

August, 1820.

FINE ARTS.

ENGRAVINGS.

Select Views of the Principal Cities of Europe, from Original Paintings. By Lieut.-Col. Batty, F.R.S. Part I. Oporto. London, 1830. Moon, Boys & Graves.

WITH his elevation in military rank, the ambition, as an artist, of the indefatigable soldier, to whom we are indebted for several well-known series of delightful productions, has received a new impulse, and has taken a wider range. Both in the choice of his subjects, and in the art, through the medium of which they are portrayed, Colonel Batty aims higher than heretofore. Instead of characteristic views of particular countries or districts, to the delineation of which he formerly confined the efforts of his pencil, he now aspires to embrace the whole of Europe, and, not contented with the exercise of the humbler art of drawing, supplies his engraver with paintings.

The "Select Views of the Principal Cities of Europe," promises, as our readers will have anticipated from the title of the work, and the name of the officer from whose pencil it proceeds, to be equally splendid and interesting,—that in Col. Batty's hands it will be executed with unflagging spirit and religious fidelity to the promises of the commencement, the equality of style with which the former series of his works have been carried through, is a sufficient guarantee. We therefore feel no apprehension of being disappointed of the fulfilment of the expectations which the first part of the work before us is calculated to excite. These expectations are of the highest class. The subjects are most beautiful—the points of view are most judiciously selected—and the choice of these, and the style of execution, display that refinement and delicacy of taste which distinguish all the works of Col. Batty, which have afforded occasion for their display. The pictures now before us may be wanting in the marvellous artist-like effects, the result of inspiration, or of a creative power with which so few mortals are endowed, which form the excellence of Turner's drawings, and defy all attempts at rivalry or imitation; which make the beholder indifferent to the reality of the scene presented to him, and cause him to care only for the beauty of the work of art, and to admire, above all, the mind indicated by the conception of which he is contemplating the production. They may not possess that extreme picturesqueness, nor the force of character, with which Prout invests his particular localities, nor the power which he throws into his bits of partial landscape; nor in respect to drawing, perhaps, have they that freedom and boldness which bespeak the hand of a master consummate in his art, and confident of his powers; yet as general landscapes, as views aspiring to give faithful representations of actual scenes, rather

than to effect for art a new triumph, the paintings of Col. Batty, according to the engraved copies now before us, must be considered as very beautiful and highly successful productions.

The part consists of five views and a vignette, being scenes of Oporto, or the neighbourhood. The vignette, which is engraved by Goodall with delicacy and effect, in perfect accordance with the loveliness of the scene, presents a most delightful *coup-d'œil*. The view is of the mouth of the Douro, towards sunset, from an elevated terrace adorned and shadowed by an arbour of vines. The inner angle of the terrace, the trellis over which the vines are entwined, and a fountain in full play, form a delightful foreground.

Of the five principal views, the first and the last excel the rest in beauty of scenery. The first is Oporto, as seen from the Mount Arabida. The spectator is supposed to look up the "majestic and beautifully-winding" Douro, embanked on each side by gently rising hills, richly clothed with foliage, and adorned with numerous villas. On the right bank is a road which follows the windings of the stream; and in the distance, at the foot of a chain of mountains which have directed the course of the river, is the Villa Nova, commanded by a line of fortifications on a mountain ridge rising immediately above the town. The aloe in blossom form a striking feature in the vegetation, and produce a very picturesque effect. The plate is very beautifully engraved by W. R. Smith.

The last view is Oporto from Fontainhas. The most attractive merit of this plate is the contrast between the deep shade of the granite rocks on the left bank of the Douro, and which form the foreground of the picture, and the brilliant sunny illumination of the line of hills, with its numerous buildings, which border the river on the opposite side: the difference between the part of the river under shade and that in light, is also well managed, and produces a very agreeable effect. The engraving is by Jeavons, and is cleverly and brilliantly executed.

We have selected these views as having most struck us by their beauty of scenery. We have little or no fault to find with the others. As characteristic of the city of Oporto, the Custom-House Quay, perhaps, most deserves attention. The hulls of the vessels, it is true, are wanting in the buoyancy, and the sails in the pliability, which we are accustomed to find in the drawings of some of our artists who devote themselves particularly to the treatment of marine subjects; but perfection is not to be expected in so many departments as exercise the talents of the artist in this view; and the nicety with which the figures are drawn, and the taste and effect with which they are grouped and distributed on the quay, make full amends for the stiffness in the marine part of the subject.

We have said enough to show that this promises to be a work with which no cabinet or library in Europe, having any pretensions to elegance or completeness, can dispense. For the convenience of matter-of-fact people, (and a great convenience it certainly is, each view is accompanied by an outline in etching, with figures of reference to the names of the remarkable spots and places in the view. The point of the compass to which the view is directed, is also indicated. We have only to allude to the concise descriptions, in French and English, of the different views, and our catalogue of contents is complete.

Characteristic Sketches of Animals, drawn from the life and engraved by Thomas Landseer. Part II. 1830. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

MR. Landseer improves as he proceeds in this work. The part now before us is decidedly superior to the first—good as that was. Of the four plates in the present number, it would be diffi-

cult to choose one for preference; we must therefore notice them all in turn. The first presents us with the Musk Bull from the British Museum. The artist, in professing to draw from the *life*, is to be understood, we presume, as meaning, not copying from other drawings. It happens, however, and is a curious fact, creditable to Mr. Landseer's imagination, that, with the exception of the Ibex, which we shall notice presently, the happy genius of the artist has thrown more life into this his representation of a mere stuffed hide, than in any of the portraits of living animals contained in the subsequent plates. That we are now considering is a perfect specimen of its kind: the form of the animal has expression of character in every inch of it, and the manner in which the long hairy hide is handled, is quite exquisite. The closer it is inspected, the greater is the deception, and the more difficult it becomes to persuade oneself that it is not real hair that we see, curling and twining in all directions.

A pair of Bengal Tigers, from the Menagerie, King's Mews, forms the subject of the second plate. This group is very cleverly executed, and the artist's imagination has been called to aid in the composition, and has put a prey between the fore-paws of one of the animals, in order to afford opportunity for stronger characteristic expression. The savage beast snarls indeed with the most fierce anger at the intrusion of his companion on the anticipated feast on the captured antelope. Mr. Landseer perhaps might manage his back and fore grounds and other accessories in a manner to give more effect and distinctness to his principal figures: the defect we allude to is very striking in this plate, and still more in the vignette which forms the tail-piece to the description.

The third plate represents the Elk, from the Jardin du Roi. The hide of this animal affords the artist another opportunity of employing his burin in what, by the success which attends his efforts, we should judge to be its favourite exercise. But, for expression, vivacity, and compactness of form united, the Ibex, of all the plates in this number, must bear away the palm. The animal is quite living; and the expression of health and vigour, and the idea of perfection of form in its peculiar class of forms, could not have been more effectively conveyed. The vignette forming the tail-piece to the letter-press description accompanying this plate, is a caricature which it would have been better taste to have refrained from.

The Brown Study; drawn and engraved by F. J. Havell. 1830. Kendrick.

A CERTAIN air about this simple performance bespeaks it a *con amore* production: it is certainly an agreeable *jeu d'esprit* in mezzotint. The time is that unhappy hour when the dusky shades of evening oblige the artist to quit his favourite easel: retired to the chimney, with feet on fender and head on hand, while he seems to contemplate the flickering of the gas-bubbles as they alternately become inflamed and extinct, his mind is engaged in composing new pictures, —or, it may be, in tormenting itself with the recollection of the bright eyes which he had in the morning been employed in painting. But the jest does not end here. The scene is the painter's study, and the impression being taken in brown ink, we have a brown study in more than one sense of the expression—literally, as well as figuratively speaking. There is a sentiment in the whole composition worthy of better company than the little conceit which gives name to the performance, and perhaps suggested it.

SCIENCE.

ELASTIC FORCE OF STEAM.

A regulation of the French government for greater security against accident from steam-engines, having rendered it necessary to ascertain the degree of temperature corresponding with a given degree of elasticity in steam, a committee of the Royal Academy of Sciences, composed of MM. Arago, de Prony, Ampère, and Dulong, was appointed to investigate the subject, and make the necessary experiments. The report of this committee was submitted to the Academy on the 30th of November, when the following table was published as the result of the inquiries.

TABLE of the Elastic Force of Steam at Degrees of Temperature corresponding with from 1 to 24 Atmospheres by actual experiment, and from 24 to 50 by calculation.

| Elasticity of Steam, assuming the pressure of the atmosphere as unit. | Corresponding Temperature in degrees of the centigrade thermometer. |
|---|---|
| 1 | 100° |
| 1½ | 112.2 |
| 2 | 121.4 |
| 2½ | 128.8 |
| 3 | 135.1 |
| 3½ | 140.8 |
| 4 | 145.4 |
| 4½ | 149.6 |
| 5 | 153.8 |
| 5½ | 156.8 |
| 6 | 160.2 |
| 6½ | 163.48 |
| 7 | 166.5 |
| 7½ | 169.37 |
| 8 | 172.1 |
| 9 | 177.1 |
| 10 | 181.6 |
| 11 | 186.03 |
| 12 | 190.0 |
| 13 | 193.7 |
| 14 | 197.19 |
| 15 | 200.48 |
| 16 | 203.60 |
| 17 | 206.57 |
| 18 | 209.4 |
| 19 | 212.1 |
| 20 | 214.7 |
| 21 | 217.2 |
| 22 | 219.6 |
| 23 | 221.9 |
| 24 | 224.2 |
| 25 | 226.3 |
| 30 | 236.2 |
| 35 | 244.65 |
| 40 | 252.55 |
| 45 | 259.52 |
| 50 | 266.89 |

The formula adopted by the committee is the following:—

$$e = (1 + 0.7153 t) 5$$

e the elasticity, t the temperature: the atmospheric pressure taken as unit. This formula, say the committee, answers with sufficient exactness to all the results furnished by experiment up to 24 atmospheres. The greatest variation observable on its application is at the pressure of eight atmospheres: the difference, then, amounts to nine-tenths of a centigrade degree. The confidence of the committee in its accuracy, when applied to the temperatures corresponding with pressures exceeding 24 atmospheres, is such that they express their conviction, that, at fifty atmospheres, the difference does not exceed 0.1°.

The report of the committee, with the account of their experiments, is given at some length in *Le Globe* of the 9th of December.

FREEZING OF RIVERS.

In the "Annuaire of the Board of Longitude" of Paris, for 1828, is to be found an interesting inquiry into the various causes, the concurrence of which has been hitherto referred to, to account for the congelation of rivers. In the previous inquiries on this subject, it has been the practice to take into consideration especially, and almost exclusively, 1st, The intensity of the cold. 2d, Its duration. 3d, The greater or less elevation of

the waters. 4th, Their velocity. On examining, however, the register of the different heights of the waters of the Seine, at the time of memorable congelations of that river, it proved clear that other causes must have had their share in producing the effect.

In December, 1762, the Seine was entirely covered with ice after six days of frost, of which the average temperature was three and a-tenth of Reaumur below Zero, (24° 13' Fahr.) and during which the greatest degree of cold had not gone beyond seven and eight tenths degrees below Zero of the same scale (15° Fahr.) On the other hand, in 1748, the Seine flowed freely after eight days duration of an average temperature of three and a half below Zero, and although during that term the greatest cold had arrived at nine and a half below Zero, (11° Fahr.) the height of the water was the same at both periods. In seeking the cause of this variance, it suggested itself that it might originate in some difference in the state of the atmosphere in 1762 and 1768, as it would be considered that the thermometer in the open air, does not always show precisely the same degree of temperature of solid or liquid bodies near the surface of the earth.

Accordingly it was observed that, in 1762, during that six days which preceded the entire freezing of the river, the atmosphere was perfectly clear, while in 1748 the sky was cloudy or entirely covered. It is argued therefore that if to the cold indicated by the thermometer in 1762, a few degrees of cold are added for the effect which must have been produced on the water by the separation of the caloric drawn off by the clearness of the atmosphere, it will result that, notwithstanding that indication of the thermometer, the water must have experienced in that year, at least on the surface, a degree of cold much more intense than that of 1748, enough, at least, to banish every apparent contradiction.

In 1773 the Seine flowed freely on the 6th of February, after five days of frost, the average temperature of which was about 4° ½ Reaumur, under Zero, (21° Fahr.) and the lowest temperature about 8° 50' Reaumur, (15° Fahr.) In 1776 no masses of floating ice appeared on the surface of the waters of the river until the 19th of January, although from the 9th the still waters had been frozen, and the temperature had fallen to 10° 50' Reaumur below Zero, (9° 50' Fahr.) The height of the water was insufficient to explain this phenomenon, since in 1776 it was only four and a half feet. But turning attention to the state of the atmosphere, it is found that in 1773 the 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th of February, were almost constantly severe, while on the contrary, in 1776, from the 9th to the 19th of January, the sky was clear during a few minutes only. The nocturnal irradiation or exhalation is therefore in this case also the only explanation that can be given why it happened that, in spite of considerably higher elevation of the water, and a less degree of cold, the Seine froze more readily in 1773 than in 1776.

One of the most intense colds experienced in Paris since the invention of the thermometer, is that of the year 1709. In that year also, even at the temperature of 18° under Zero, (10° under Zero, Fahr.) the Seine, towards the middle of its stream, remained constantly flowing. It is concluded that these examples seem to justify the hypothesis that this irregularity is to be attributed, 1st, To the elevation of the waters: 2d, To the weakness, more or less, of the nocturnal irradiation, by reason of the clouded state of the atmosphere. It is regretted that the notices published of the cold of 1709, are insufficient to put this supposition to the proof.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"*My Harp!*" Recitative and Song, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-forte, the Poetry by W. H. Bellamy, the Music composed and inscribed to Mrs. Parther, by Wm. Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Cramer.

THIS, as would be anticipated, is a clever, well-written work; it resembles, in words, sentiment, and general character, the song from Sir Walter Scott, "*The Minstrel's Harp*." Few musical composers, that do not play on the harp, can write well for that instrument; and those who are skilful in performing on it, find themselves considerably limited as to style and passage. Horsley has written his song with an accompaniment, apparently intended (as the language requires) for the harp expressly, but it would be difficult to make it produce much effect upon it. The composition consists of a recitative, and andante con moto, in ϵ flat, expressive, characteristic, and grammatical.

"*Woman's Eye!*" Song. The Poetry by the Rev. J. H. Caunter; the Music composed by S. Gödbée. Dale.

A VIVACE in \flat flat 3-4 time, much in the style of Barnett, lively and playful, evincing good taste, blended with musical knowledge.

No. 4. of the *Gems of Melody*, for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, (ad. lib.) selected and arranged by William Forde. Cocks and Co.

THE fourth number of this useful and pleasing little work, presents a familiar arrangement of "*Cease your Funning*," on two brief pages. To a brother and sister, or a father and daughter, who play a little upon the flute and piano, these trifles must be particularly pleasing and acceptable.

No. 2. "*Les Arbres les plus Choisis du Jardin*." Six easy Lessons for the Piano-forte, composed by George F. Harris. Hodson.

MR. HARRIS'S second number, entitled, "*L'Abriçotier*," forms a useful and pleasing continuation of his little work, which is much upon the same plan as that of Forde's, noticed above, only excepting the flute part. "*L'Abriçotier*" is an allegro in 2-4 time, somewhat resembling the very popular (and useful bagatelle for teachers) Egyptian air by Butler.

No. I. *Instructive Lessons for the Piano-forte*, in which are introduced celebrated Melodies, adapted and fingered by J. B. Cramer. Cramer and Co.

THE indefatigable and clever Cramer is constantly issuing publications to amuse and instruct the world of piano-forte players; and this commencing number of a useful and desirable work, will, we predict, be received with considerable satisfaction by teachers and their pupils. It is in the form of a sonata (now an old-fashioned denomination), of three movements. The first (an allegro moderato in \flat flat), includes selections and scraps from Monsigny's Overture to the "*Deserter*," and the air "*L'enfant chéri*," the second movement is an aria andante in ϵ , principally of Cramer's, with only a few concluding bars from one of Haydn's Sinfonias; and the last allegretto in \flat flat is formed upon Shield's lively air from his *Rosina*, "*Light as thistle-down moving*," and Mozart's melody from Don Giovanni, "*Fin ch'han dal vino*." The whole work presents another eminent example of the *utile et dulce*.

"*The Sigh*," a Sequidilla, written, composed, and dedicated to Madame Malibran Garcia, by John Barnett. Barnett and Co.

THE unrivalled, the versatile Garcia, sang Barnett's "*Light Guitar*" at the Birmingham music meeting, and her success, and the compliment she paid Barnett in singing his song, has induced him, we suppose, to write "*The Sigh*" for her also. It is an unusually characteristic and ingenious sketch, well adapted to the intended purpose; the first lines of the words are as follow:—

Oh! come, oh! come to thy casement to-night, love!
When the tapers are dim in thy halls;
When the moon, when the moon, in the heavens sails
bright, love!
And Philomel to his mate calls, &c.

We have transcribed these few lines merely for the opportunity of noticing that the writer (as well as composer) has very cleverly adapted the phrase "*Oh! come*," to two notes, which, if sung properly, would resemble a sigh, and this peculiarity very ingeniously pervades the whole. The piece is an andantino affetuoso e ben marcato, in \flat flat, 3-8 time, in the Spanish style of "*Isabel*," or the Guaracha dance, &c.

"*It is a Pleasure dear to me*," Serenade, composed and dedicated to Miss Zoe King, by A. Schutz. Johanning and Whatmore.

THE words of this ballad are selected from the Etonian, and published by the permission of Mr. Colburn, the publisher of that work. Mr. Schutz has adapted a flowing and appropriate melody to them, (in ϵ , 6-8 time,) within the moderate compass of c below the staff, and ϵ upon the fifth line, thus attainable by almost any voice. His symphonies and accompaniment evince some fancy and novelty, and the whole is entitled to praise.

Two *Rondeaus for the Spanish Guitar*: composed and dedicated to Miss Isabella Sargent, by C. Eulenstein. (op. 11.) Ewer.

AN allegretto, and an andantino, both in the key of \flat , and both in 2-4 time, evidently written in a familiar manner, to be easy for teaching: they are brief, pretty, and trifling; but we certainly should have placed the slower movement before the quicker, and have written one in a different time and key to the other, if only for a little variety. Dandie Dinmont's names to his dogs, "*Pepper* and *Mustard*," did not evince more paucity of imagination.

No. I. *The Sacred "Musical Album"*. An adaptation of Sacred Poetry to original and selected compositions for one, two, and three Voices. By J. M'Murdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon., Organist of the Philanthropic Society's Chapel. Cramer, Addison & Beale.

THIS book is exceedingly well brought out, with ample margins and a superior paper, but, from being widely engraved, the fourteen pages of which it consists, comprise but three pieces, certainly peculiarly well adapted by the editor. The first, "*Through all the changing scenes of life*," is a moderato in \flat , composed by M'Murdie, and exhibits sound musical knowledge, accompanied by taste and judgment, in the minor especially, where some neat and concise modulations are unusually well applied to the language. The second, a theme from Haydn's Seasons (in \flat flat, 2-4 time), "*Let all the just to God with joy*," is arranged, first, for two treble voices, and again as a trio for two trebles and a bass, thus occupying ten pages out of the fourteen; and the last, a brief and pleasing hymn, "*Thy mercy, Lord, to me extend*," is a very clever mor-

ceau, composed by Rink, and abounding with ingenious applications of the flat ninth, diminished seventh, or equivalent chord.

"*The Land I Love*," "*Das Deutsche Vaterland*." A celebrated German Melody, composed by F. H. Himmel. Ewer & Johanning.

THE 14th number of *Foreign Popular Melodies*, adapted to English poetry, a simple characteristic theme, with five verses in the German language, translated and condensed into three of English:—a sort of "*Home, sweet home*" production, concluding as follows:—

Romance hath hallowed every shade,
And music's voice from every glade
Proclaims, in many a varied strain,
The land I love, renowned *Ailmaine!*

Movements of the Musical World.—The celebrated piano-forte player, Moschelles, has just arrived at Paris from the north of Europe. He was received with great applause at every place which he visited in his tour; but the most particular marks of favour were bestowed upon him at the court of Copenhagen. Madame Pasta is engaged at the last-mentioned place for the whole winter, except a part of the Carnival, which she will pass at Verona, where she has an engagement to sing at the Concerts of a company of dilettanti, for which she is to receive 1,300 Napoleons.

Insanity Laws in France.—The laws regarding the persons of the insane seem to be attracting attention on the other side of the Channel as well as in this country. A work on the subject entitled "*Considérations médico-légales sur l'interdiction des Aliénés*," has been recently submitted to the Académie des Sciences, by Dr. Brière, and reported on by MM. Cassini and Flourens. The author of the work in question proposes various reforms, some in the text of the law, others in the form of proceedings in cases of this nature; but the reporters pronounce that the reproaches made by M. Brière against the French legislation in respect to lunatics, are quite unjustified. They regard all these forms proposed by the Doctor as useless or dangerous, and assert that in most cases the author has taken up erroneous ideas both of the law and the manner in which it is executed. He requires that physicians should be called to give their opinion of the state of the object of inquiry, [he had not read the proceeding of our late celebrated Commission de Lunatic, &c.] as if he were ignorant that no sentence was ever pronounced without a consultation with the faculty. He alarms himself for the interests of the alleged lunatic, at the idea of the personal submission to interrogatories required by the law. He seems to think that this examination is made with forms which would disturb the soundest intellects, [it would seem that he was thinking of the Davies' case, and confounding the French with the British mode of proceeding,] while in truth, say Messieurs the reporters, it is confined to a simple conversation held between the president of the court and the patient at the residence of the latter, in the presence of those who are his habitual companions.

Travelling College.—In July last M. Alexandre Delaborde submitted to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres certain ideas he had conceived of the advantages and practicability of forming a travelling college for young men, by means of an association. His object, if put in practice, was to divide the studies of the travellers into three branches; namely, the study of the fine arts, the study of the natural sciences, and the study of political science. According to this plan, countries differing in their character, such as Italy, Switzerland, and England, should be explored in a certain methodical order, and

for different purposes. Thus the tour of Italy should be consecrated to the study of the arts; that of Switzerland to the study of the natural sciences; that of England to the study of political science. This idea of M. Delaborde is, we learn, about to be put in execution by a party of young men who have clubbed their means, and are to start in December to explore the different countries mentioned in the order, and for the purposes above described, under the guidance of a man of merit and learning who is also conversant (a wise precaution) with the healing art. For the more effectually turning this plan of travelling education to the full account anticipated from it, a preparatory school has been established at Paris under the direction of M. Lorient, author of a work entitled "Geographie Physique et Historique de la France, par Bassins," in which young men who may be desirous of joining the travelling college may receive preliminary instruction peculiarly adapted to qualify them for profiting by their tour. This school will form the centre point of a correspondence to be constantly kept up between the travellers and their masters and friends, and the extracts from their observations are to be inserted in the "Gazette d'Instruction Publique." Several persons, it is said, have shown an anxiety to secure the admission of their children into the establishment of M. Lorient, who explains to applicants the proposed system of travelling, and shows, to those who require it, the names of the youths who are to form the first grand scholastic expedition.

Protestant Provident Society at Paris.—Within the last few years a society has been formed at Paris, and has received the sanction of the king, called The Protestant Provident and Mutual Succour Society. It has for its objects the establishment among the families and individuals at Paris who profess the Protestant religion, of an active reciprocity of succour during illness, at the residences of the members, the preservation from the privations and indigence occasioned by the want of work, and the encouragement of order, economy, and morality in the families. The society is composed of honorary and ordinary members. The former are such as contribute by donations to its support, without claiming the advantages it proposes, or being subject to its future expenses. In order to be eligible as an ordinary member, a man must be a Protestant, and be presented by two members of the society. The contribution for each member is twenty-four francs a year, and an entrance fee of six francs. In cases of illness of less than five days duration, the society are at the expense of providing medical advice and physic, but furnishes no pecuniary assistance; when the illness has lasted longer than five days, the society, besides paying the doctor's visits, &c. allow two francs a day during the three first months, from the fourth to the sixth month (inclusive) one franc; after the sixth month, half a franc until complete recovery. In case of death of a married member, the relict or the children, if the case be that of the death of a widow or widower, receive an allowance not exceeding the whole amount of the sums paid by the late member towards the funds of the association, but of which the minimum in all cases is 100 francs. In the course of 1828, 155 sick persons received the assistance of the society, the total allowances amounting to 4,303 days. The average costs of the cure and care of each sick person was, therefore, 72 fr. 85 cen. Societies of the same description have been formed in various departmental towns, and especially at Lyons. It is contemplated also, to establish a similar one at Geneva.

Reforms in Continental Customs.—Galignani's Messenger of the 1st of January, favours its readers with the following very important article

of intelligence. "It seems, that the custom of leaving cards as a compliment on New Year's Day is beginning to be proscribed in some parts of Europe. The Viscount Dornon made a good parody on this ridiculous usage a week ago, by inserting in the 'Petites Affiches' the following advertisement: 'The acquaintances of the Viscount Dornon are informed, that he wishes them all a good and happy year for the year of grace 1830.' The 'Courier des Pays Bas' announces that an association has been formed at Liege for the purpose of abolishing the ancient usage of leaving visiting cards on New Year's Day. Each member of the society binds himself, in case of contravention, to give twenty-five florins to a charitable institution. A similar association has been formed at Fribourg. Again, the 'Frankfort Gazette' announces, that a like society has been formed at Vienna and Agram, only the inhabitants of the two last-mentioned places go further than those of Liege, for they proscribe new year's visits altogether."

Le Nozze di Lammermoor.—The French 'Globe,' speaking of the new Italian opera lately produced at Paris, under the title of 'Le Nozze di Lammermoor,' observes, that whereas, on all former occasions of first representations of Italian operas, the audience has been wearied, and checked in their enthusiasm, by the absurdity of the poetry: in this instance it was the charm of Sir Walter Scott's story, and the skill with which M. Balochi had composed his libretto, and the dramatic effect with which he had distributed his action, to which the music, (the composition of M. Caraffa,) was indebted for passing the ordeal. This result, however, it is but justice to M. Caraffa to add, the same journal attributes less to an absolute want of merit in the music of the opera than to the absence of those striking and effective qualities, which would catch the approbation of those prudent cognoscenti, who, very justly diffident of their own judgment, and fearing to be made dupes of, or to expose themselves, are tardy and restrained in the expression of their approbation. Although the piece presents no great novelty of design and of ideas, it is not, it seems, altogether devoid of originality, and with certain curtailments and suppressions recommended by the critics, may become a favourite. The composer has given proof of talent, of facility and abundance of ideas. The greater part of his *motives*, it is true, are too easily to be guessed at, and the commencement of a phrase, a flourish, or an orchestral effect, seems to conduct you in a beaten track; but the phrase which follows shows that you are in another road; you thought you were going to the domain of Rossini, and you find yourself in that of M. Caraffa. The composer, moreover, is praised for having succeeded better than is usual in mournful parts and his attempts at pathos. Contrary to what has occurred in the former compositions of this master, the finales and concerted pieces were more approved than his airs and duets. Of the latter class, one duet only was eminently successful; but the finales in general obtained loud applause. The principal vocal performers were Mademoiselle Sontag, Madame Pissaroni, and Donzelli. In the first act, Mademoiselle Sontag had no opportunity of distinguishing herself, except in the duet above alluded to: but in the second, from the moment when she had taken the poison, she is reported to have continued to excite the greatest interest, both by the purity and simplicity of her singing, and her natural and expressive pantomimic action. The other singers, especially Donzelli and Pissaroni, are mentioned as having acquitted themselves very satisfactorily. The part allotted to Madame Pissaroni, however, is objected to as unfavourable to her.

Sontag's Styles of Singing.—A French critic, of considerable reputation, congratulates Made-

moiselle Sontag on having at last acquired a style of her own. On her first arrival at Paris, it seems, she had formed herself on the model of Madame Fodor, whom she had recently heard at Vienna; she afterwards met with Pasta, and acquired a second manner; admiring Malibran, she studied her also, and adopted a third style. At length she is herself.

The Russians in the Middle Ages.—The Russians are described by the Arabian geographers as an abominably filthy people: they bathed themselves every morning in the dirtiest water they could find. They were addicted to drunkenness: spent whole days and nights in carousing and drinking wine; and not unfrequently died with the cups in their hands, from excess and intoxication. They always burned their dead; and at the funeral of a man of rank one of his favourite women was sacrificed on his tomb.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Bishop Mant's Clergyman's Obligations considered, royal 18mo. 6s. 6d.—Rev. Dr. Whithy's Scheme and Completion of Prophecy, 8vo. 12s.—Rev. H. J. Rose's Christianity always Progressive, 8s. 6d.—Rev. Vowler's Short Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—A View of the Court of Chancery, by the Hon. W. Long Wellesley, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—The Pomological Magazine, by Joseph Sabine, Esq. and Professor Lindley, Vol. II. royal 8vo. 3s. 3d.—Petersdorff's Law Reports, Vol. XII. royal 11s. 6d.—Midsummer Night's Dream, 1s. 6d.—Rev. A. Jenour on Isaiah, Vol. I. 8vo. 12s.—Rev. A. Milner's Sermons on the Revelations, 8vo. 10s.—Dr. Marshall Hall's on the Loss of Blood, 8vo. 9s.—The Olive Branch, a Religious Annual for 1830, 32mo. 4s. 6d.—The Excitement, or a Book to induce Boys to read, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Berthold's German and English Comparative Dictionary, sq. 12mo. 5s.—Satan, a Poem, by R. Montgomery, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—1829, a Poem, by E. W. Cox, royal 18mo. 3s.—Forsyth's Political Fragments, 12mo. 5s.—Mackenzie's Manual of the Weather, 12mo. 3s.—Southwood Smith on Fever, 8vo. 14s.—Annual Biography and Obituary, 1830, 8vo. 15s.—Noulton's History of Beverley, 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 12s.—The Christian Garland, from the Writings of the Rev. P. Buddicom, selected by a Lady, 12mo. 4s.—Memoirs of Paul Jones, 2 vols. 12mo. 14s.—Beaumont's Index to Sophocles, 8vo. 12s.—Lempriere's Lectures on Natural Philosophy, &c. 2d edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Linnæus's Compendium of Astronomy, with plates, 12mo. 8s. 6d.—Salmon's Essay on Structures, 2d edit. 8vo. 12s.—Pollock's Translation of the London Pharmacopœia, fc. 8vo. 6s.—Conversations on the History of England, by S. R. Clarke, 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 1s.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

In presenting this reprint of the First Number of our New Series, GRATIS to the Purchasers of No. 4 (who may be supposed to have already procured the original edition), we have incurred a very heavy additional expense, in order to render the work *uniform from the commencement of the year*: we therefore look with confidence to our Subscribers for a continuance of their already increasing patronage. We are rejoiced to find that the new arrangements have given general satisfaction; and that we have the good-will of all who wish well to the cause of Letters; we beg to assure them that no expense or labour shall be spared to render the succeeding Numbers still more worthy their approbation. The improved Series already presents a greater variety of interesting articles than has hitherto appeared (in the same space); and new sources are daily opening, whence, in a short time, we calculate on still further improvement.

A few sets of the LONDON WEEKLY REVIEW, for 1827 and 1828, remain on hand, which may be had of our Publisher, for *half price*: single copies of any numbers, to complete sets, may be had *gratis*. Several of the original Contributors to that work have already furnished articles for our New Series.

Our Advertising Friends will excuse us for not reprinting their announcements, as it would have subjected us to a considerable expense for Government duties.

London: Printed by JAMES HOLMES, Athenæum Office, 4, Took's Court, Chancery Lane.

Published by F. C. WESTLEY, 165, Strand:

Sold also by E. WILSON, Royal Exchange, and Messrs. SHARPLEY, 25, Old Broad Street (by each of whom the Trade are supplied); E. WILKINS, Liverpool; J. SUTHERLAND, Edinburgh; and all other Booksellers and Newsagents.